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Ben Harvey (son)

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TAKINGS;

OR THE

LIFE OF A COLLEGIAN.

A POEM. *By Thomas Cropey.*

ILLUSTRATED BY

TWENTY-SIX ETCHINGS,

FROM DESIGNS

BY

R. DAGLEY,

AUTHOR OF "SELECT GEMS FROM THE ANTIQUE," "A COMPENDIUM OF THE THEORY
AND PRACTICE OF DRAWING AND PAINTING," &c. &c.

"Perhaps it may turn out a Song,
Perhaps turn out a Sermon."—BURNS.

LONDON:

JOHN WARREN, OLD BOND-STREET,
AND

G. AND W. B. WHITTAKER, AVE-MARIA LANE.

MDCCCXXI.



LONDON :
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES,
Northumberland Court.

DEDICATION.

*To the Admirers of those hasty Productions of the
Pencil called Sketches.*

GENTLEMEN,

IN offering these subjects to your attention, I feel assured of every allowance on your part for their style of execution ; and also that in your comments upon what the generality may call blots or scratches, you will lean to the favourable side, and pronounce them meaning and design.

To those who are not gifted with your taste and feeling, I am aware the "Takings," may not appear with all the advantage that I could wish ; I must, therefore, request such persons to suspend their judgment till they have acquired that improved perception

which finds an intentional grace, where ordinary vision sees only accident or deformity. The eye of the Connoisseur can penetrate the obscurity of redundant lines, separate their entanglements, and distinguish the latent shapes of beauty and vigour. In a scanty performance he can nevertheless discern the excellence which the artist contemplated.

Enough for him, if Rembrandt scratched the line,
The form was matchless, and the touch divine.

R. D.

ADVERTISEMENT.

GENTLE reader, I have been twisting and turning—"Stop there," said a friend at my elbow, "I never see the term 'gentle reader,' but it gives me a sneaking idea of the writer. I always fancy he is going to lay a heavy tax upon my patience, and is endeavouring to sooth me into compliance,—besides how can you or he tell to whom this phrase is applied? It is laughable to think to what description of beings this title may be given. Perhaps some boisterous boor, "whose very how-do-ye is a storm," or crabbed female to whom the epithet is only a signal for derision,—perhaps to some disappointed author; in short, my dear Sir, any thing but 'gentle,' if you please." Well then, reader, should any chance lead you to the perusal of these pages, know, that I have been twisting and turning in my mind how I may manage to give any account of myself or my doings, further than what appears upon the surface of the work, without incurring the charge of presumption and egotism: but it cannot be accomplished, vanity is at the bottom, and when did vanity ever keep there? So, with this confession, I have only to say that nearly twenty years

since, while selecting and drawing from the casts of antique gems, for a publication that has since appeared, I was called upon to make designs for the "FlinFlams," a work of an entirely opposite character. Having never paid any attention to the ludicrous in art, it was rather in compliance with the wishes of the author of that work, than with any expectation of success that I produced my specimens. Their reception was favourable, and a hint from an ingenious friend on the use which might be made of the word "Taking," was a stimulus to further practice; of which you now see the result.

To some of these designs I have endeavoured to give a whimsical turn, others are in accordance with the strict meaning of the phrase; each may be considered a theme for the pen as well as for the pencil. They were produced at different periods of time, which accounts for the variations of style and costume, but which no ways affects their original intention. Several additions have been lately made, with a view to render them conformable to a succession of events poetically narrated.

The Gentleman who has undertaken that part of the publication, has long amused the town both in prose and in verse; but without offering himself by name as a candidate for their regard. I shall be very happy if these Sketches should prove the means of introducing his talents in a more direct form to the attention they deserve.

In the Preface, I have endeavoured to bring together such observations as have at various times occurred to me upon the comic or ludicrous in art, rather with a view to point out the fertility of the subject to those whose leisure and abilities may enable them to afford the Public an ample and a connected history of Caricature, than with any expectation that either my powers or my opportunities would suffice for such a purpose ; and I shall therefore deem myself fortunate, if I simply escape censure for obtruding upon the province of the critical and the erudite.

R. DAGLEY.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

ON THE

LUDICROUS IN ART.

IT cannot be foreign to a work of this kind to notice the emotion of the mind connected with the Ludicrous. Many wise aphorisms, and many sententious observations have been made upon laughter, some objecting to its folly, others endeavouring to trace its origin. But whatever may be the opinion of men as to the cause or the objects of this emotion, it is sufficient to know that a muscle is provided for its display, which makes a characteristic distinction between the human countenance and that of brutes.

Solomon has indeed said of laughter, that
“it is mad :” yet the same wise man has de-

clared that "there is a time for all things." There are different kinds of laughter, and the laugh of one man no more resembles that of another, than his countenance or disposition does. There is the broad honest laugh of humour, there is the laugh of scorn and derision, there is the laugh of triumph, and the laugh of sheer folly ; it is true, there are men of such "vinegar aspects," that they will not discompose the gravity of their features on any occasion, "though Nestor swear the jest be laughable." Whether this is owing to the conformation, or to the degree of strength or weakness of that organ, known by the name of the Zygomaticus Major, or risible muscle, it is not our business to inquire ; certain it is, that this description of people would put down laughing by act of parliament, were it in their power to do so.

A laugh out of its place, at an improper object, or indulged at the expense of bodily infirmity, is of so hateful a character, that we need not say to what class of mirth it belongs ;

it is excited by the love of mischief; and the laugher, like him who “scattereth firebrands, arrows, and death,” still sayeth, “Am not I in sport?”

There is a sense of the ridiculous in the human mind, which exercises itself on objects of a particular and eccentric kind; all exaggerations, whether of form, or feature, or conduct, originating in fashion or affectation, serve as incitements to it.

“Spirits are not finely touch’d but to fine issues,” and those who attempt to raise a laugh without this “touch” of genius, will find it a very serious business. Even to those whose comic powers frequently enable them to set the audience or the table in a roar, that is sometimes no easy task.

It is not necessary that a man should be mirthful himself, to be the cause of mirth in others. There are many instances both of authors and actors, who have appeared to possess no predilection to hilarity, and who when not called by their occupation, or im-

pelled by necessity to exert their powers of humour, have been characterized by dejection and melancholy.

The poet Cowper had those occasional gleams of gay fancy. Nothing has ever exhibited the ridiculous more successfully than "John Gilpin;" and yet it is well known, that that exquisite effusion was written at a period when the unhappy poet was in a state of the deepest despondency.

The ingenious writer on the "Calamities of Authors," has stated a variety of cases, in support of this position; and among them of a Mr. M'Donald, of whom he speaks as follows:

"Some years since, the town was amused every morning by a series of humorous or burlesque poems, under the assumed name of Matthew Bramble; the author, a Mr. M'Donald, was at that very moment one of the most moving spectacles of human melancholy I ever witnessed."

Akenside in his "Pleasures of Imagina-

tion," has pointed out some legitimate objects of ridicule, and after enumerating them as they branch forth in their several characters, goes on to reason thus :

“ Through every scene of ridicule in things,
 To lead the tenor of my devious lay ;
 Through every swift occasion, which the hand
 Of laughter points at, when the mirthful sting
 Distends her sallying nerves, and choaks her tongue,
 What were it but to count each crystal drop,
 Which morning’s dewy fingers on the blooms
 Of May distil ? Suffice it to have said
 Where’er the power of ridicule displays
 Her quaint eye’d visage, some incongruous form,
 Some stubborn dissonance of things combin’d,
 Strikes on the quick perception : whether pomp,
 Or praise, or beauty, mix their partial claim,
 Where sordid fashions, where ignoble deeds,
 Where foul deformity are wont to dwell
 Or whether these with violation loath’d,
 Invade resplendent pomp’s imperious mien,
 The charms of beauty, or the boast of praise.

“ Ask we for what fair end, the almighty Sire,
 In mortal bosoms wakes this gay contempt,
 These grateful stings of laughter, from disgust
 Educating pleasure ? Wherefore but to aid
 The tardy steps of reason, and at once
 By this prompt impulse urge us to depress
 The giddy aims of folly ? Though the light
 Of truth slow-dawning on the inquiring mind,

At length unfolds, through many a subtle tie,
 How these uncouth disorders end at last
 In public evil: yet benignant Heaven,
 Conscious how dim the dawn of truth appears
 To thousands; conscious what a scanty pause
 From labours and from care, the wider lot
 Of humble life affords for studious thought
 To scan the maze of nature; therefore stamp'd
 The glaring scenes with characters of scorn,
 As broad, as obvious, to the passing clown,
 As to the letter'd sage's curious eye."

By this clue we may trace the origin of Satire, which has in various ways employed both the pen and the pencil. In drawing a parallel between Art and Literature, in this species of composition, it will be found that both are liable to the same censure, when they give too exaggerated a representation of things; when they become the engines of party, or the vehicles of malignity and personal abuse. Against what may be termed the legitimate use of such weapons as the pen and the pencil, in exposing the vices and follies of mankind to contempt and ridicule, no objection can be made; but in the hands

of the mischievous and designing, poison and the dagger cannot be more destructive. The unskilful also may gash and lacerate, while the experienced operator wounds only to heal.

Some years since, the species of lampoon in art called caricature, was attempted to be hunted down. A certain noble lord made it his business to visit the various shops that dealt in these satirical prints, and by expostulation or menace, endeavoured to obtain their removal. He even went so far as to produce them before parliament, for the purpose of restricting or punishing the publisher. Many of these caricatures exhibited members of both houses, in the most ludicrous points of view, and their production occasioned such bursts of laughter, that all attempts at remedy were fruitless.

The evil has since been permitted to travel freely on, in full possession of that ground, which the Satirist of the pen must tread with caution, and with his eye upon the Attorney.

General, and the law against libel. Leaving it to the investigation of the moralist, and the power of the legislator, (if it be necessary,) to fix the boundary of graphic wit; we proceed to offer some remarks upon the comic in art.

Probably the first rude efforts in design, would appear to a cultivated eye a species of caricature, like those accidental forms occasionally discovered in the fire, on stained walls, variegated marble, &c.

Among the remains of Greek sculpture, are subjects and characters that belong to the class under consideration; in their bass relievos and gems more especially; such as the march of Silenus, their dancing fauns and satyrs, comic masks, chimeras, &c.

After the revival of the arts in Italy, and when they had reached their highest state of cultivation, a spirit of humour and satire is occasionally found, in the works of the best masters. There are specimens of this sort from the hands of Leonardo da Vinci, and Michael Angelo.

The former produced a series of caricatures ; and in the Last Judgment of the latter, there is a strange mixture of the terrible and the satirical. Nor are the grotesques of Raphael, many removes from the burlesque.

As early as the fourth century, mention is made of Pyrecius who painted small pictures, the subjects of which were barbers' or shoemakers' shops, animals, still life, &c. ; these might probably come under the same class with the drolls of Hemskirk, Jan Stein, and others of the Flemish school.

In the etchings of Arthur Pond, bearing date 1741-2, made from drawings in the collections of several amateurs of that day, some specimens appear of the caricature from the hands of A. Carracci, F. Mola, Guercino, Carlo Maratti, La Fage, Watteau, and the Cavr. Pietro Leoni Gerozza. Some of these are evidently personal. One by Annibal Carracci, is a dwarfish figure standing at an easel, in the act of painting, and is highly ludicrous. Beneath is written, *Il Gobbo dei Car-*

racci. Two philosophers by the same artist, one in the act of declaiming, and the other of listening, are equally characteristic of the ridiculous. A caricature from a drawing by Watteau, in the same collection, is supposed to be intended for the famous Physician Misauban. He is represented in a churchyard, amidst tomb-stones and shells; among the latter a mushroom is springing up. Underneath are the words: “ *Prenez des Pilules, Prenez des Pilules.*”

C. P. L. Ghizzi appears to have been principally engaged on caricatures: some of individual, others of general application, but all marked with the skill of an artist. They are, in fact, rather characters than caricatures; that of Il. P. Seb. Resta, is in a quiet portrait-like attitude, one hand resting upon the other, and holding a scroll. The only ludicrous circumstance is, that his spectacles are placed behind his ear in the manner that clerks sometimes dispose of their pen s. By this master are two famous antiquaries,

Stotze and Sabbatini ; they are represented as inspecting coins or gems. The figure of Sabbatini is grotesque in the extreme. Ghizzi's system for drawing caricatures appears to have been founded on an attention to the concave and the convex, the pointed and the blunt forms, in the human countenance. There is a painting by this artist in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire. It is a converzatione, in which are a number of figures, doubtless well known characters of the time in which the picture was painted. The execution of this piece is masterly, and the colouring brilliant*.

Perhaps no country has been more abundantly productive of works of graphic hu-

* If his Grace would condescend to permit the appearance of this picture in the British Institution, it could not fail of attracting the attention of the curious. Indeed, it is a matter of surprise that his Grace has not been applied to, in aid of the plan so liberally entered into by his Majesty, and the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the country, who are the possessors of the finest works of art, to enrich the Annual Exhibition in Pall Mall, from his splendid collections at Devonshire-house and Chiswick.

mour than England. This may to some furnish a specious argument against the probability of our excellence in the more classic or sublime departments of art. Without discussing the comparative merits of the serious and the comic in painting, it will be sufficient to observe, that if the parallel holds good between writing and painting, as there are a far greater number of good tragedies than of good comedies, it would appear that the difficulty is much greater on the side of the latter.

So much has been written and said, and that so judiciously, upon the merits of Hogarth, that it is hardly possible to advance any thing new, or to make any observations upon his works that have not already been made.

An excellent Essay, however, on the Genius and Character of Hogarth, has recently appeared from the pen of Charles Lamb, the remarks in which are completely in the spirit of those feelings which the artist in-

tended to produce, and, (with very few exceptions,) show a taste and judgment which cannot be less gratifying to the profession than they are creditable to himself. In speaking of this great painter, he says, "I was pleased with the reply of a gentleman, who, being asked which book he esteemed most in his library, answered 'Shakspeare:' being asked which he esteemed next best, replied, 'Hogarth.' His graphic representations are indeed books; they have the teeming, fruitful, suggestive meaning of words. Other pictures we look at—his prints we read."

It is impossible not to kindle at the warmth of the writer of this essay, whatever difference of opinion may exist with respect to some of his remarks, more especially those which regard Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose *Count Ugolino*, at least, is free from the grinning distortions which Mr. Lamb attributes to the *Dying Cardinal* of that great artist; in which, it must be acknowledged, there is too much of caricature, both in the

expression of the countenance, and in the introduction of the goblin fiend.

It belonged to the character of Hogarth's pencil to mark the most minute emotion of the human mind, and the strongest energy of the passions; although not by the exaggerations of caricature, for the indulgence of that species of art was only the holiday of his satire.

Hogarth's impressions, received from nature, were treasured in his memory for the hour of apparent inspiration. They then came forth, pure, and unalloyed by any extrinsic ornaments. Not that the skill of colouring, execution, or composition was wanting; but those qualities were overborne in the expression and character of his subjects. That talents like his should have led him to imagine that every other quality of painting was equally attainable, is not to be wondered at. One power was certainly denied him. The author of the *Analysis of Beauty*, knew but its name.

His sportive pencil, abounding in the ludicrous and the caricature, has been emulated by other artists of similar, though unequal, talents. Among the contemporaries of Hogarth, in works of graphic humour, the *Don Quixote* of Vanderbank and that of Hayman, are conspicuous.

The late Paul Sandby gave proofs of great talent as a satirist, and of great courage too, if courage it is to "attack the lion in his den," and "brave him there," by proceeding at some length to etch a series of plates in ridicule of Hogarth's *Analysis of Beauty*. But the completion of this undertaking was checked by the good sense of the artist. Hogarth's *Marriage A-la-mode** appeared, and was so replete with excellence,

* The prints from *Marriage A-la-mode* were engraved by foreign artists, and such were the absurd and unpatriotic prejudices of the day, that they owed more of their immediate celebrity to that circumstance than to the merits of the painter ! Hogarth afterwards engraved his own works, by which he infused a spirit into them that no other man could give.

that, on seeing this unrivalled effort of the comic pencil, Mr. Sandby, with the self-command which few men are capable of obtaining, resisted the temptation of displaying his wit, and destroyed his plates.

Grose has given rules for drawing caricatures, and has also pointed out some of the proper objects of ridicule. "The art of drawing caricatures," he observes, "is generally considered a dangerous acquisition, tending to make the professor feared rather than esteemed; but it is certainly an unfair mode of reasoning, to urge the abuse to which any art is liable, as an argument against the art itself."

That caricature is a dangerous weapon, none can doubt. Unquestionably it has at times been used for wicked and malignant purposes, yet, while he is employed in pointing out the vices and follies of the species, or even when he strikes at individuals who court notoriety, and claim the public gaze, at the expense of decency and com-

mon sense, the graphic satirist is on his post of duty.

There is a bastard sort of fame,
And *notoriety* its name,
Which men of certain minds affect;
And venture on to shun neglect :
Who think it is some little praise,
With monsters to divide the gaze.

.....
Though past the age of sixty-six,
Old ————— to his jacket sticks.
From twenty it has been his plan,
To look like any thing but man.

.....
.....
To paint a picture with your toes,
Or play the bagpipe with your nose ;
To twist, to torture, or to bend,
Things from their proper use and end,
In print shop fame may hand you down
With other blockheads of the town.

Rules for drawing caricature can hardly answer any purpose but that of fixing the mind upon the deformities of exaggerations of the human countenance, and, thereby, of destroying that delicacy of feeling, with respect to character, which

should belong to every artist who practises either history or portrait. The late Sir Joshua Reynolds was so well aware of this, that though complimented on one or two ludicrous performances which he executed while pursuing his studies at Rome, he had the good sense to decline any further attempt of that nature*.

The author before quoted has not only given rules for drawing caricature, but, which is much better, has shewn what are the proper objects of this species of ridicule, all of which are of a general character. "Let," he observes, "the employments and properties or qualities of all the objects be incompatible; that is, let every person and thing represented, be employed in that office or business, for which, by age, size, profession, construction, or some accident, they are

* One of these specimens was in the possession of the late Mr. Woodyear, near Doncaster. The subject music, and the persons introduced were Mr. Cook, Dr. Drake, Mr. Woodyear, and Sir Chas. Turner.

totally unfit. And if the persons so ridiculed are also guilty of any trifling breach of morality, or propriety, the effect will be the more complete, and will stand the test of criticism. I say trifling, for great crimes excite indignation, and tend to make us groan rather than laugh."

The anachronisms heretofore seen on the stage, and also in paintings, together with the unsuitable in costume and manners, are alike objects of Mr. Grose's animadversions. Neither has the facetious antiquary spared his own profession. Antiquarian pursuits are whimsically illustrated by prints, no less than seven times in his short essay on Comic Painting.

Costume has been a never-failing source of ridicule to the graphic satirist. Fashion, in every shape in which it tended to disguise the human form, has been combated by the pencil, and, it may be presumed, not without success. Hoops and court dresses, which used to encumber not only people

of fashion, but even our heroes and heroines on the stage, in the time of Garrick ; are scarcely remembered, any more than the mountain head and plastered toupee of the Dandies, male and female, sixty years ago.

It would have been strange, indeed, if the growth of Taste, cherished by the cultivation of the Fine Arts, on the one hand, and the shafts of ridicule, on the other, had not effected something in the cause of common sense. Tight stays, and other articles of dress equally preposterous, have given place to a better order of things : not but that some absurdities continue, and will continue, to maintain their station ; as, for instance, the Brutus head and the opera hat, than which no shapes can be more incongruous.

Fashion, or in other words, caprice, has rung so many changes upon our head-gear, that instead of a useful covering to defend us from the weather, the hat, in many instances, has only become an apology for putting some-

thing on the top of the head. The pent-house form of that of the Chinese, and the broad brim of that of the Quaker, have a meaning and retain, no doubt, the primitive shape, originating in utility ; but, vanity soon suggested that that shape shrouded as well as shaded the features. Accordingly one part of the rim raised and surmounted by a feather, became the fashion in Spain ; but, by what odd whim it was subsequently distorted into the useless triangle, or cocked hat, must be referred to the researches of the antiquary.

The plain oval hat has now nearly superseded every other ; yet, at best, the hat looks quite as well in the hand as any where else. It is avoided by the artist, as making no part of the picturesque, and by the courtier it is kept equally out of sight. The foraging cap seems best adapted both to the features of the face, and to the shelter of the head, and is less liable to incur ridicule, or become the object of caricature.

Of all delineations of the ludicrous,

sketches, in a free bold style, something beyond an outline, are the best. Finishing may do for character, but the spirit of caricature would evaporate by too much pains taken in the process. In these hasty productions of the pencil, something also is left to the imagination, which is highly favourable to the caricaturist.

Party politics ever were, (and in a free country ever will be,) a fertile source of caricature, but such subjects, belonging to a particular time and class of men, are soon swept from the memory. Not so the indecent and offensive subjects which disgrace some of our print shops, and in which the skill of the pencil assists in contaminating the mind; most of these latter, we must, however, observe belong to the French school.

Having ventured some conjectures upon the ludicrous in art at an early period, and shown its occasional practice at an advanced stage, and in a highly-cultivated state of painting in Italy, it can hardly be necessary to remark,

that in the Flemish school it found a ready admission. Almost every form and character among the Dutch and Flemish had something of the grotesque ; their habits and manners all tended to meaner occupations, and lower diversions, than those of the Italians.

Hence the boorish sports of Teniers, Ostade, and Jan Stein, and the more ludicrous drolls of Hemskirk; even Rembrandt's finest performances partake so much of this degradation, that it requires great knowledge and love of the skill which distinguishes his works, not to be disgusted with their occasional vulgarity.

But prior to the time of Rembrandt, Hans Holbein may be considered as excelling in the ludicrous, though with an intention to instruct rather than to ridicule.

His Dance of Death, however, which he painted for the Town Hall of Basil, was of a nature similar to the moralities, or mysteries*,

* For many curious particulars of these, see D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, vol. ii.

in what may be called the barbarous age of devotion, and was better calculated to raise laughter, than to attain the end proposed. The designs made by this artist for the book of his friend Erasmus, in praise of Folly, echo the sentiments of the writer. Besides being replete with sarcasm, they have the advantage of general application, and are of course universally understood.

Advancing through these desultory remarks, we arrive at the caricaturists of the present time, who have distinguished themselves by their wit, humour, or satire ; some have only indulged a passing disposition, and like Sir Joshua Reynolds and P. Sandby, have relinquished the desire of becoming humourists, as incompatible with justice, or their professional views.

At the head of those whose genius has been within the last thirty or forty years devoted to works of graphic humour, stood Mr. Grose, who was possessed of every quality of a caricaturist. His disposition was facetious, his

turn for ridicule such as to induce him not even to spare his own person; but in the humour he displayed, he was careful not to violate the rules which he had himself laid down. His satire embraced only absurdities, or unsuitableness of characters to the employments in which he found them engaged.

Grose was just skilful enough in drawing to reach the ludicrous in art, but never to approach any thing like taste; his pencil would have staggered in the line of beauty, and a serious beginning of any kind must under his hand have of necessity ended in something droll. His character for good fellowship is drawn *con amore* by the pen of Burns :—

But wad ye see him in his glee,
For meikle glee and fun has he,
Then set him down, and twa or three
Gude fellows wi' him;
And *port* ! O *port* ! shine thou a wee,
And then ye'll see him.

Loutherbourg, to his skill as a carica-

turist, added a knowledge of the principles of his art, which, independent of the subject, gave value to the delineation. This artist was only occasionally employed on works of this kind.

Brereton, formerly a drawing-master, in Bond-street, possessed considerable talent in caricature ; his subjects were mostly derived from Oxford, and from *Tristram Shandy*. French travelling, post-horses, and drivers, were depicted by this artist with peculiar humour and whim. His style of etching was rude and scattered, but no atom of character and expression was lost by it ; every thing was strongly marked, and ludicrous in the extreme.

H. Bunbury, Esq., was an amateur artist, eminently distinguished for his talents in works of humour, though his pencil was sometimes employed on subjects of a different kind. Designs from the once popular novel, "*The Sorrows of Werter*," the ballad of "*Old Robin Gray*," &c., were among the

first of his productions to attract the public regard ; but his Long Minuet, Long Story, and Barber's Shop, Geoffrey Gambado, and many others of the same class, exhibit such strokes of exquisite humour, as to supersede his other performances, though possessed of considerable merit.

This gentleman, like many other artists, mistook his powers, and in attempting to embody the scenes of our immortal bard, gave proofs of the inefficiency of his pencil in such undertakings.

It was reserved for the versatility of Stothard's genius to display at the same time all that is characteristic of the ludicrous in comedy, with all that is powerful and overwhelming in tragedy. This rare union of talent may be seen in his characters from Shakspeare*, painted as a sort of companion to his Canterbury Pilgrims. This performance alone is sufficient to establish the reputation

* The original picture is in the possession of I. Benson, Esq., of Thorne, in Yorkshire.

of the artist, and to convey his professional character to posterity as singularly fraught with those important qualities in art, taste, grace, and expression.

It must be remembered, however, that the failure of Mr. Bunbury was one in common with some of our veteran artists; and that the public are indebted to that gentleman's leisure hours for much amusement.

Mr. Nixon also was an amateur artist, and almost exclusively a caricaturist; his performances were very numerous, though few of them have appeared before the public. This gentleman's drawings were occasionally exhibited at the Royal Academy, and were full of wit, character, and humour. Some of them have been very popular, and serve to mark the manners of the times in which they appeared. There was one that ought not to be omitted in these pages. It was executed from a design of his own by J. Dixon, an eminent engraver in mezzotinto. The subject, the Horse Guards,

opposite Whitehall, in which a Female Barber was represented operating upon the beard of a Soldier. This ludicrous fact was skilfully depicted, and impressions were called for by the public with such avidity, that the famous print of Sir Joshua's Count Ugolino, and others, engraved by this artist, stood still for a repetition of the comic plate.

In speaking of Gilray and Rowlandson, it will not be too much to say, that since the time of Hogarth, none have appeared with more exclusive talents for works of humour, and of the class which belongs to caricature.

Gilray was chiefly occupied on the political events and characters of his time; in consequence of which, many of his works are obsolete. But nothing can obliterate from the memory the vigour of his drawing, the spirit of his characters, and his perfect knowledge of the principles of painting.

The works of Rowlandson are still more extensive than those of Gilray, and embrace a

greater variety of subjects ; and possess similar claims to originality and freedom of pencil.

Cruikshanks has distinguished himself as an able caricaturist, and Alfred Chalon, Atkinson, and Harding's* talents in caricature are of the first order, though rarely indulged by their possessors.

It is greatly to be wished that the powers of the comic pencil might be brought to bear only upon the proper objects of ridicule†, and that its satire should be confined to detecting and ex-

* An excellent specimen of Mr. Harding's powers may be seen in the illustrations of *Drunken Barnaby*.

† One of these graphic illustrations, called "Hints to the Bearers of Walking-sticks and Umbrellas;" may justly be added to the few proper examples of works of this kind : it related to the mischiefs that occurred, (and still occur) in the streets of the metropolis, from awkwardness in carrying walking-sticks and umbrellas ; exhibiting a variety of ludicrous instances in which pedestrians and shopkeepers were annoyed by the usage. This work is understood to be the production of an amateur artist, a gentleman of Oxford.

posing the vices and follies of mankind, instead of deviating into personal scurrilities and preposterous exaggerations, alike injurious to the art, and disgraceful to the artist.

T A K I N G S,

A Poem,

IN SIX CANTOS.

INTRODUCTION.

“ YOUR Poem, Sir, is very fine !
’Tis elegant—sublime—divine !”
So when my epic had been read,
A publisher most kindly said.
Gay visions to my fancy came
Of food, and decent clothes, and fame ;
And I expected he would say,
“ Pray, take your dinner here to-day.”
But thus the subject he pursued,
“ ’Tis too good for the multitude.
Hereafter it will make a splash,
But ’twill not bring you present cash.
It peradventure may supply
A bill drawn on posterity,
This, honourably taken up,
Will ne’er help you to dine or sup.

No,—it will make you known to Fame,
And in her Temple, write your name ;
But while your glorious niche is carving
Here, you must calculate on starving ;
Till, forced to use your “ bodkin bare,”
You end by suicide despair ;
Then, ’twill requite your parting groan—
With deathless monumental stone.
Now this, Sir, you must plainly see
Is what will never do for me ;
You, immortality may crave,
I—comfort, on this side the grave.
You seek renown, but sleeping, waking,
All I desire is—something *taking*.

He said, and bidding me “good morrow,”
Left me half petrified with sorrow.
And, “ O ! ye gods,” I cried, “ whose aid
Still glads the plodding sons of trade,
And fills the sordid booby’s bags,
While *wit* pines pennyless in rags,”

(Here, but of course it was a joke,
I own that of *myself* I spoke.)
“O! deign to bless an humble bard,
With some small token of regard!
Though poets be a race that toil,
To gain “the tribute of a smile;”
Yet blame me not, if I entreat,
Some thrice a week a slice of meat;
For Scribes, whate’er their wonted fare,
Make but a sorry meal on air.
O! let my song some beef produce!
O! let my teeth come into use!”

Thus I implored the pitying powers,
To cheer my melancholy hours,
’Till comes the awful bugbear death,
To bear the burden of my breath:
To rob me, (O prodigious gain!)
Of all the consciousness of pain;
When, suddenly came in my head,
What by the tradesman last was said,

It came to bid my heart cease aching,
“ All I desire is something *taking*.”
“ Why!” I exclaimed, “ it strikes my mind,
That something *taking* I can find :
My friend, Tom Takeall, (closed his raking),
Shewed me some sketches of his *Taking*,
Sketches that must attention call,
Of taking *Nothing—Little—All* ;
Of taking *Pleasure—Physic—Time—*
Be these the subjects of my rhyme.
I’ll print them, and Tom’s wanderings too,
And these, I’m confident will do,
For these, if into verse I throw ’em,
Will doubtless make a *Taking Poem*.

LIST OF THE PLATES.

	Page.
— Taking Leaps	5
— Taking Advice.....	6
— Taking Measures.....	11
— Taking Notice.....	18
— Taking Bets.....	22
— Taking Amusement.....	22
— Taking Courage	24
— Taking Lessons	30
— Taking Amiss.....	37
— Taking Aim.....	40
— Taking Nothing.....	67
— Taking Something.....	68
— Taking Stitches.....	79
— Taking Hints.....	90
— Taking Time.....	96
— Taking Pledges.....	100
— Taking Little.....	102
— Taking Likenesses.....	108
— Taking Home	126
— Taking Comfort.....	128
— Taking Physic.....	136
— Taking Flight	142
— Taking Thought	145
— Taking Pleasure	158
— Taking All	174
— Taking Caudle.....	183

TAKINGS.

CANTO I.



TAKINGS.

CANTO I.

I.

WHEN gay Tom Takeall—that's a pretty name—

We bards alliteration dearly love,
From Oxford to his father's mansion came,
The Senior found his pride begin to move
To see a sprig so comely, so well grown,
That he might confidently call his own.

II.

It was not merely that the stripling now
Could look down on his venerable dad,
That smooth'd the furrows on the father's brow,
Made his eye glisten, and his bosom glad;
His heart was of unusual joy the seat,
Because Tom's education was complete.

III.

And be it to our hero's credit stated,

That he acquired in his pursuit of knowledge
As much as half the youngsters who are fated
To seek refined accomplishments at College,
For though the classics he pronounced a bore,
His *exercises* he would ne'er give o'er.

IV.

'Tis true he did not labour very hard

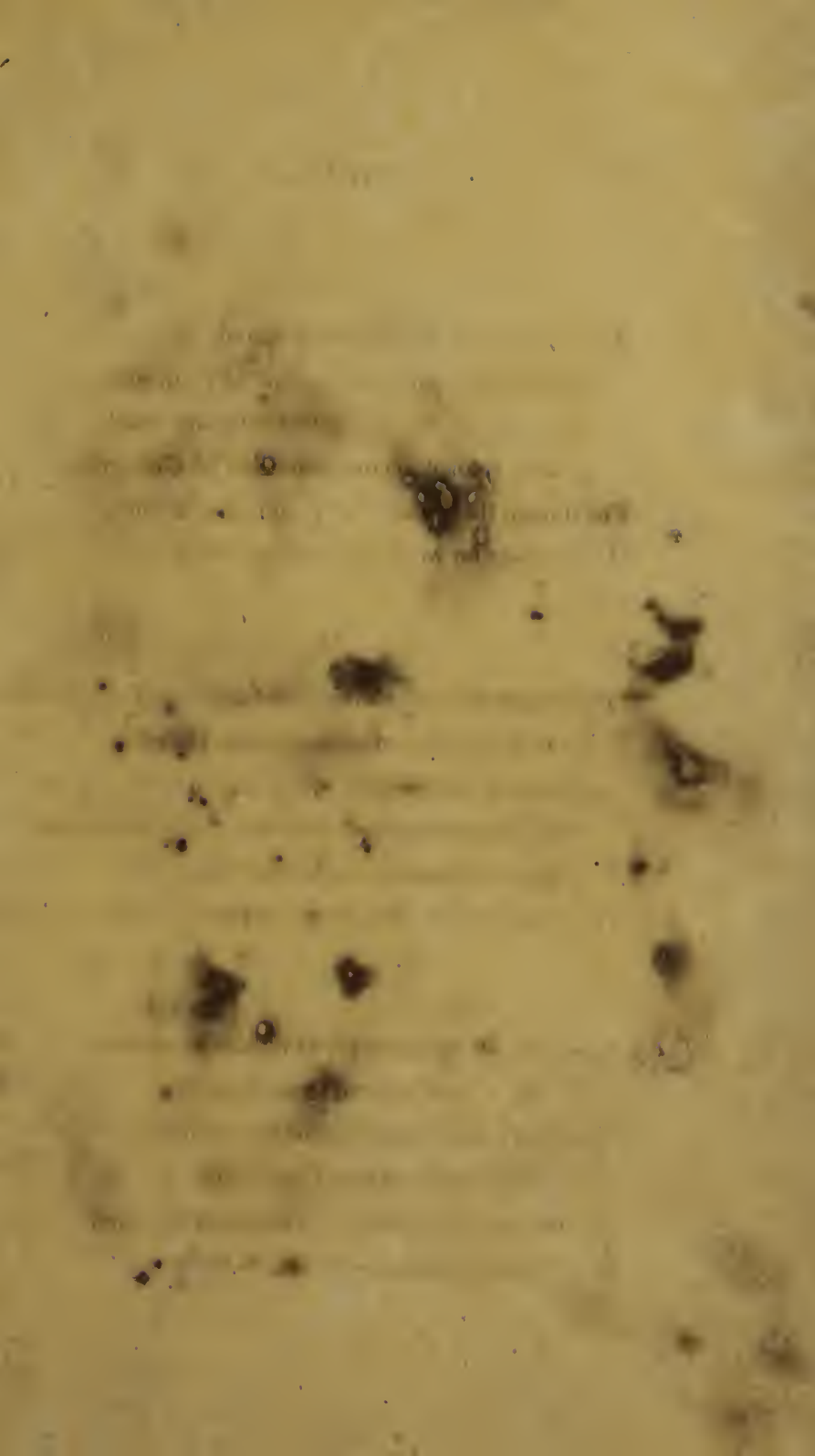
To make himself proficient in the Greek,
Nor had the Latin much of his regard ;

“ The living tongues,” said he, “ I wish to speak.
Why talk like nations to oblivion fled ?
The Devil take the language of the dead.”

V.

Now, though in this way, as remarked above,

He did at best but moderately well ;
He failed not in some instances to prove,
By Nature he was fitted to excel :
In those pursuits which once engaged his mind,
He seldom, perhaps never, was behind.





J. Dugan del. & sculp.

TAKING LEAPS.

VI.

Riding of these was one, and Tom could ride
With any winner of the Olympic games ;
And he could urge a boat against the tide
With any waterman upon the Thames ;
At Billiards every cunning *twist* he knew,
No marker boy, could better use the queue.

VII.

Moreover, Takeall on the coachman's seat,
Could swear and bawl with all the Jehu gang ;
And then the spruce Collegian to complete,
He had a pretty smattering of slang.
Of one so learned, when from College brought,
Could any-body say he went for nought ?

VIII.

But fathers never think enough is done,
Like Swedish Charles, 'till nought remains to do,
When fixed their purpose that a favourite son
The paths of wealth and wisdom should pursue
They, when professors have done all they can
Must undertake to finish off the man.

IX.

Fathers "a troublesome and peevish race,"
(As they are called by every darling boy),
Labour to bring those pleasures to disgrace,
Themselves no more can possibly enjoy ;
All aged gentlemen who sons have got,
Would have their sons be—what themselves were not.

X.

And apt in anxious kindness to abound,
Suspecting Youth and Nature will resist,
They deal in soft compulsion, and are found
Undutifully closish in the fist.
One thing they freely give, and in a trice
Abundance of it too,—I mean—*Advice*.

XI.

Tom's father was not singular, and so
He called him to his study, and began
To tell the youngster what he had to do,
To be a good, great, very happy man :
(Tom to the lecture which the Sire would make,
Went like a bear or martyr to the stake.)



R. Dapley del.

W. E. Brooke sculp.

TAKING ADVICE

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XII.

“ My Son,” said he, “ your’s is a dangerous age,
It knows not how temptation to withstand,
But my experience and reflections sage,
And dear-bought wisdom, all you may command.”
“ Thank ye, Dear Sir,” cried Tom, and with a laugh,
He mutter’d, “ I could be content with half.”

XIII.

The Sire proceeded to instruct his heir,
How in the busy world to rise and shine ;
“ Be sure,” said he, “ of wild excess take care,
Beware of gaming, and beware of wine ;
But more than all the evils that perplex,
Be on your guard against the other sex.”

XIV.

“ All pleasures are but vanity ; though sad
This truth, ’twas told by Israel’s wisest king ;”
“ But not,” thought Tom, “ till Solomon had had
Among such vanities a pretty fling.
I, at the risk of being soundly chid,
Will seek for wisdom as that monarch did.”

XV.

The father then proceeded to declaim,
With equal kindness, dignity, and truth,
About the misery, the want, the shame,
Which grow on mad extravagance in youth,
And many maxims gave, a little trite
Perhaps, but excellent to teach “ the right.”

XVI.

Still on and on he went, for when a man
Begins to dole out wisdom, there’s no end.
And long as flippantly his clapper ran,
As if he thought the stripling would attend.
Tom, with his dog engaged, at times yawn’d out,
“ By all means,” “ true Sir,” “ certainly,” “ no doubt.”

XVII.

And other words, becoming as sincere,
While thus his thoughts ran—“ When the sermon ends,
Old Squaretoes shall not find me tarrying here,
I’ll hasten to my Covent-Garden friends.
Confound his prosing ! If it stop not soon,
Louisa will have quitted the saloon.”

XVIII.

The father finished with "Remember this."

And *Hopeful* answer'd with assenting bow,
"Be prudent, modest, sober," Tom said "Yes,"
And then the sire retired, contented now.
(As well he might be.) Having eased his breast
Of such a load of morals he could rest.

XIX.

Tom used this counsel as might be expected,
That is, as if he had not heard a word,
To think it could be other than neglected,
Would be a thing exceedingly absurd;
Would show in my opinion little knowledge
Of some of the advantages of College.

XX.

Now at the play ;—the Hells and one more place,
Which in the neighbourhood of "ears polite,"
I will not mention, Tom in pleasure's chase
Consumes his days, and each succeeding night;
And fix'd a fashionable name to get,
Gets *fashionably* very deep in debt.

XXI.

What more to make a Dasher of the west
Is needful?—Nothing—I had almost said,
Yet one thing's needful—those say who know best
The Dashing Tailor's never failing aid.
Should he his cash demand—perhaps he may—
The rascal with another order pay.

XXII.

To silence that 's the way. So Tom was told,
And he in matters of this sort no dunce
To put off importunity, made bold,
With little ceremony, more than once,
“ To settle now, I can't forego my pleasures,
I want more clothes—to-morrow bring your measures.”

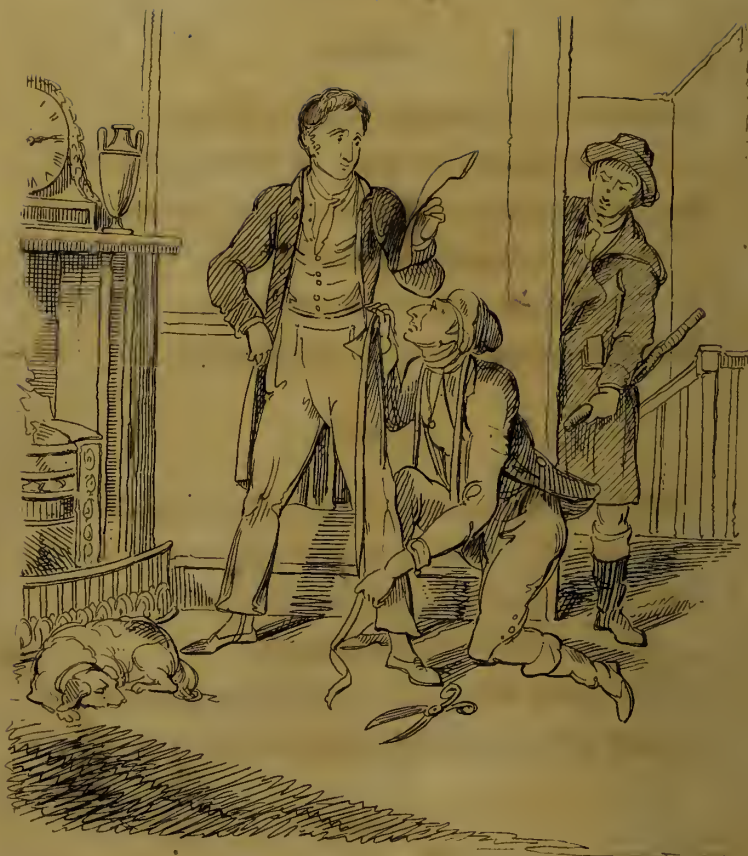
XXIII.

His bidding was obey'd, but I should first
Say Takeall at the bottom honest still,
(Let no rude citizen suppose the worst,)
Was evermore content to give his bill,
This met the Tailor's.—Each bill had a brother,
One good turn always must deserve another.

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R. 11. 11.

W. H. B. 1847.

TAKING MEASURES

XXIV.

In ancient times law gave for eye an eye,
And tooth for tooth. This rule from law-courts driven
To Fashion's haunts has been compell'd to fly,
Where bill for bill is uniformly given.
The dealer's bill is given for double pay,
The purchaser gives his—to run away.

XXV.

Snip *took his measures*—Snip his bill had got,—
I mean Tom's bill, ('twas over due some moons,)
And now appear'd to measure for a coat,
And inexpressibles—or pantaloons.
“I have you now,” said he,—“I've made a hit,
I know you 're partial to a *good close fit*.”

XXVI.

So he departed, and another came,
“His man,” thought Tom. He was beyond dispute.
“Your name is Takeall, I presume.” “The same.”
“I come to you about a little *suit*.”
Some parchment slips he shew'd which made Tom stare,
For these seem'd broader than the others were.

XXVII.

With indignation he began to foam,

“ I hate,” he cried, this round-about delay,

Your master measured.—Bring the things soon home,

I cannot tarry trifling here all day.”

“ No, Sir, you can’t, Sir,—that is very true.

‘ Bring the things home!’ I come to *bring home you*.”

XXVIII.

Here the Collegian’s shoulder felt a slap ;

The shoulder is a very tender part,

This Tom can testify, for one slight tap,

Went, he declared, directly to his heart.

And now suspecting hope of rescue vain,

He thus began in lamentable strain :

XXIX.

“ O day and night ! but this is wondrous hard,

Since liberty is life, must life’s brief span

Be thus made shorter by a stitcher’s yard,

And shall a Tailor triumph over man ?

I somehow from these trammels must break loose,

Or evermore be called a Tailor’s Goose.”

XXX.

Utter'd aside was this, but, be it known,
Not as asides are utter'd at the play,
That is, not bellowed in a louder tone
Than all the rest the actor has to say ;
No ; in his mouth or throat 'twas gently mumbled :
To speak more plainly,—in his gizzard grumbled.

XXXI.

“ Well, well,” he cried, “ ’tis not a civil thing.
But I, of course, along with you must go,
Incarcerated, lose the charms of spring,
And all the rural joys of Pimlico.
But, Mr. Snavel, in the face of day,
You need not take me by the public way.

XXXII.

“ A neat snug garden, this convenient house
Boasts close behind, which opens to a field ;
Take me that way, and quiet as a mouse
Your captive most submissively will yield.
You are a gentleman, I plainly see ;
Be seated—you must take some wine with me.

XXXIII.

“ And there ’s a guinea.” Snavel touched and cried,

“ I’m sorry, Sir, you must in Limbo dwell.”

Here, in his turn he had a speech aside.

“ I’m glad to catch a calf that bleeds so well.”

Aloud, then—“ Sorry, Sir, you want the blunt ;

Am not particular about the front.”

XXXIV.

“ We’ll go the back way then. Now, when you please

I’m ready. Come Sir, shall I lead the way ?”

“ No, Sir, you ’ll be with me much more at ease,

As you have no design to run away.”

“ Just as may most agreeable prove to you,

The path is hardly wide enough for two.

XXXV.

“ But mind that water—’tis an awkward hole,

Too wide for you, while holding me, to leap ;

I’ll have it shortly fill’d, upon my soul.

On that dry hay, Sir, you had better step.”

The Bailiff did so, was about to thank,

When suddenly a trap embraced his shank.

XXXVI.

Most musically he began to roar.

A Bailiff may possess a pretty voice ;
Perhaps this never was remark'd before,
So very few attend to it from choice.
But Debtors love to hear it on the stretch
From pain, as Robbers sigh to hang Jack Ketch.

XXXVII.

“ On with your solo,” the Collegian cried :
“ I thought a Bailiff trap had understood ;
Your patience here may be a little tried,
But evil, Christians should requite with good.
So, as you cannot carry me to jail,
I'll give you bail, friend Snavel—but—leg-bail.

XXXVIII.

“ Nor shall your prisoner's charity end here ;
There 's no one now at home to bring relief ;
You may be in this situation queer,
Mistaken—I mean taken—for a thief :
But brought to trial though a varlet callous,
I certainly will save you from the gallows.

XXXIX.

“ That is, provided always—mind—this clause,
(Excuse a little legal repetition
From one not very learned in the laws) ;
I promise, but ‘ on this express condition,’
Your neck’s extension to delay a while,
If I myself am not ‘ in durance vile.’

XL.

“ But should it happen, and perhaps it may,
Another Bailiff to some dreary hole
Drag me, in kind Sylvester’s tone, I say
But this—‘ The Lord have mercy on your soul ;’
Your brother officer, if I ’m in prison,
Will have but little mercy on your wizen.

XLI.

“ Let not the halter thy bold heart appal,
Although a little troublesome no doubt ;
Yet hanging’s not so dreadful, after all,
That it can justify the idle rout
Some recreant felons make, while they advance
To treat the public with their final dance.

XLII.

“ At first, because the situation’s new,
It may create disorder in the throat,
But the most awkward very soon get through
The worst, and all their trouble’s quite forgot :
They dangle as serenely—chased their fears,
As if accustomed to the thing for years.

XLIII.

“ Here will I close this philosophic strain.
I’ve taught you ’tis ridiculous to grieve
For brief captivity, or briefer pain,
And now, with all politeness, take my leave :
Having by words instructed you to die,
I leave you my example how to *fly*.”

XLIV.

Tom vanished with the swiftness of a hare,
And strove in dissipation to forget,
That there was ought dishonest or unfair
In cheating those who let him get in debt ;
Though swindling, some might call it in a passion,
’Twas consecrated—dignified by fashion.

XLV.

And now he sought the lodgings of a dame,
Whose taper leg, a week or two before
He happened to *take notice* of. Her aim
Could not be to exhibit at the door,
But yet this happen'd. He was close behind,
And she, though coy at first, was not unkind.

XLVI.

And she was handsome.—Mind, I do not say
That rouge ne'er came in contact with her face,
But if it did, when going to the play,
Or to a party, 'tis a common case;
Because the lights there give the face such tone,
That natural colour will not do alone!

XLVII.

But Delia, that was the romantic name
She claim'd, was comely, elegant and young,
Her sprightly manners waked in Tom a flame,
And Rapture listened when the siren sung,
And had excessive cash inflicted pain,
Where Delia loved, it could not long remain.



By the Author of the

TAKING NOTICE

I have the pleasure to inform you
 that the following have been
 received from the
 various sources of information
 and are being forwarded to you
 for your consideration.

The first of these is a report
 from the [illegible] [illegible]
 [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
 [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
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The second of these is a report
 from the [illegible] [illegible]
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XLVIII.

Oft to the opera she desired to go,
Not that Italian very well she scann'd,
But that 's of little consequence, you know,
For hundreds praise what few can understand.
I mention not whence this remark arose,
Nor this wight's poetry, nor that one's prose.

XLIX.

Tom spent his evenings in the Opera pit:
Sometimes, indeed, he went behind the scenes,
To swagger and show off a little bit,
Or crack a joke with player Kings and Queens ;
And then with consequential air retreat,
Taking his blackguard to resume his seat.

L.

One night pursuing the fantastic round
Of such amusements, Delia being by,
His gaze from her was wandering, when he found
Fix'd tearfully on him another eye.
It was an eye that he had seen before,
And promised as a lover to adore.

LI.

He saw a face which once had moved his heart,
A countenance so beautiful—so bland,
So unpolluted by the skill of art,
It seemed just given from the Creator's hand.
Sent down the homage of the world to claim,
And represent the Heaven from which it came.

LII.

Her arching eye-brows owned no pencil's aid,
Her face no delicately softened streak,
Save that which He who the first roses made,
And tinted, had conducted to her cheek.
O, how unlike the hues by follies spread,
Where ghastly white relieves the staring red!

LIII.

Not yet matured the charms which were her own,
Yet ne'er to be surpassed in life's full flood.
Magnificent, I grant, the flower when blown,
But exquisitely beautiful the bud!
I love the blossom! and, with sorrow mute,
Behold it fade, though fading into fruit.

LIV.

Such was Eliza ; now her seventeenth year
Scarcely completed. Rich in charms and youth,
Not rich beside, but once to Takeall dear ;
And dear for loveliness and spotless truth ;
And he had wooed her to become his wife,
And promised constancy and love through life.

LV.

Tom knew his Tutor's daughter, and perceived
His flauntings with a wanton were observed ;
Then came remorse, and inwardly he grieved,
That ever from his promises he swerved.
No glance was thrown indignantly severe,
She but reproved the wanderer with a tear.

LVI.

His situation was a little vexing ;
Not to accost as when he once pursued her,
Was rude ; but then he thought ('twas most perplexing)
With Delia to approach her would be ruder ;
And so he look'd—that course he thought the wiser,
As if he did not see or recognise her.

LVII.

But when Eliza on her brother's arm,
Was fainting borne away, he felt the goad
Of conscience. Starting with sincere alarm,
He fain had claimed the interesting load.
And tried his vigour through the dense crowd breaking,
Assembled in the pit, *amusement taking*.

LVIII.

And had he known her father's new abode,
(He had removed since Takeall saw him last,)
'Tis very probable that Tom that road
Had trodden, to extenuate the past.
The opportunity, alas ! not found,
His penitence was soon in riot drown'd.

LIX.

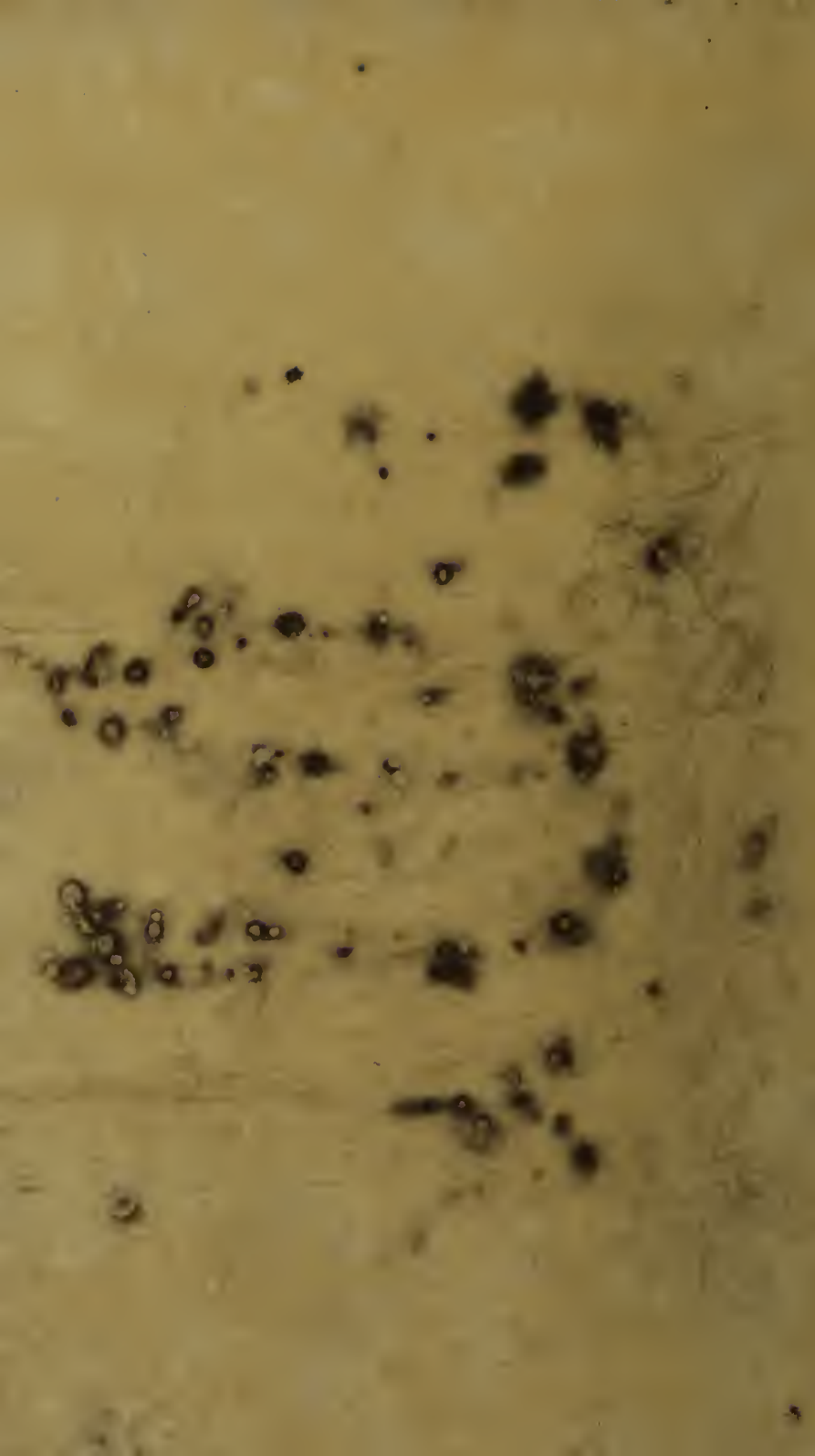
Amidst the sports undignified and base,
Which tempted, who could modest love remember ?
Could love compete with Boxers or a race,
In one who of the *fancy* was a member ?
Who though unable to pay half his debts,
Must figure at Newmarket, *taking bets*.

R. D. D. 1874

W. E. D. 1874

TAKING BETS







R. D. Smith del.

TAKING APPEAL

the first of the month of January 1812

the first of the month of January 1812

the first of the month of January 1812

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LX.

Or on that spot which has so often nursed,
Those born to grace the pugilistic list ;
The modern *Campus Martius*, Moulsey Hurst,
School of the mightiest heroes of the fist !
There view him with a consequential air,
Determining what blows a man can bear.

LXI.

And hear him as the *milling* war proceeds,
The knowing ones surprising with his knowledge,
Anxious to prove by words as well as deeds
How largely he had profited at College.
In slang confess'd, as perfectly complete,
As wits of Tothill Fields, or Dyot-Street.

LXII.

“ What *are* you at—you *Varmint* !—vhy not *stop* him?
Measure his glims for mourning—spoil his smellers—
The veaving system take—now fib—now vhap him,
Flog out the ring—stand backwarder, you *fellers*.
Now draw the Claret—now sow up his eye,
Bravo—Huzza ! his *head's in Chancery*.

LXIII.

“ Return that blow.—The Devil!—ha!—knocked down!

Profusely bleeding like an ox just stuck!

No matter—up again and win renown,

Take courage, if you wish for better luck.

All Lombard-Street, if fearless you begin,

Against a *Charley's Shelter* that you win.”

LXIV.

Behold in what a glorious group he stands,

Dealers in Cats' meat,—Costermongers,—Peers,

Roaring out, “ done,” with Swindlers shaking hands,

And telling their alternate hopes and fears.

Hail condescension! that can thus put by

The vain distinctions of Society.

LXV.

But all the wisdom the Collegian gain'd,

Some how or other fail'd to fill his purse,

Oft to a solitary guinea drain'd;

And all his winnings coupled with a curse,

That flush'd with joy, and banish'd prudent care,

Then handed him to sorrow and despair.

1874

On the 1st of January 1874, the
 year commenced with a fine
 day, and the weather was
 very pleasant. The
 day was spent in the
 usual manner, and the
 evening was passed in
 the same way.

1875

The year 1875 commenced
 with a fine day, and the
 weather was very pleasant.
 The day was spent in the
 usual manner, and the
 evening was passed in
 the same way.

1876

The year 1876 commenced
 with a fine day, and the
 weather was very pleasant.
 The day was spent in the
 usual manner, and the
 evening was passed in
 the same way.

LXVI.

From bad to worse the gambler carried on,
Found matters coming to a desperate pass,
Call'd,—now his cash and character were gone,
By some a blackleg, and by some an ass.
By folly thus to poverty betray'd,
He made no more th' appearance he once made.

LXVII.

His father scandalized by his excesses,
Though half disposed to pardon once or twice,
Considered Tom deserv'd all his distresses,
For paying no regard to good advice.
Kind friends who counsel, cannot soon forgive
Those who by others' precepts choose to live.

LXVIII.

Tom's alter'd dress folks now began to note,
He look'd ('twas very galling this to feel),
Like one to learning or to toil devote,
A shabby specimen of the genteel;
By *Fancy Amateurs* class'd with the needy,
The general buz was, “ Twig the swell—how seedy!”

LXIX.

But Fortune one night suddenly relented,
And brought our hero a supply of cash ;
The dice grown friendly, no more discontented,
He blamed himself as venturesome and rash.
New clothe's—new spurs, made every thing seem clever,
And Delia and his friends were kind as ever.

LXX.

But now another mistress Tom would have,
'Tis ungenteel one very long to hold,
Though here and there a wanton's doting slave,
Makes her a wife when ugly grown and old.
A Boarding School young Miss, demure and sly,
Made Delia mourn Tom's want of constancy.

LXXI.

'Twas at a house where he would sometimes call,
Ten miles from London that he Charlotte spied,
The fair coquette aspiring to enthrall,
His visits rapidly were multiplied,
To gain with her a moment's amorous talk,
And join her in some charming rural walk.

LXXII.

Great was his transport then—too great to last ;
The pleasure soon was sternly interdicted,
And Tom, his heart oppress'd—his brow o'ercast,
Seemed mortified, and very much afflicted.
“ Yet, I remember one,” he sighed, “ more fair,
But Charlotte's here,—Eliza, Heaven knows where.”

LXXIII.

And then he thought of the delightful hour,
He might have known with either one or 'tother,
Near some soft rivulet or shady bower,
Had no one thought it right to make a pothèr ;
And still the dear idea to prolong,
He chose it for the subject of a song.

Song.

How thrills the youth with wild delight !
Where Celia, in the silent grove,
Permits him, favour'd by the night,
To breathe his ardent vows of love :—

Where Prudence, forced to stand aloof,
Strives feebly Nature's throb to quell,
And the soft-whisper'd, fond reproof,
Invites the kiss it would repel.

Oh! that precarious joy is dear,
Whose thread each passing moment breaks,
And blissful those alarms—that fear,
Which every rustling leaf awakes ;
There the swain's bosom, passion fired—
The hopes that swell the fair one's zone,
Make, from the haunts of men retired,
A world of rapture, all their own.

Give me, give me such scenes to prove,
Give me a maid whose generous breast,
And “ incense-breathing” lip of love,
May lull each anxious care to rest !
Thus blest, through life my glistening eye
Shall speak my bosom's grateful glow,
'Till death transports above the sky
The Houri of my Heaven below.

LXXIV.

Thus Takeall sung, in an enamoured strain,
Full of impatience, panting with desire,
The just remonstrance, which had given him pain,
Check'd its display, but could not quench its fire;
And, still intent upon the tempting prize,
He now pursued it in more cautious guise.

LXXV.

In sixteen hundred fifty pass'd a law,
By which all wenching was declared a crime,
And those were fairly hang'd whom Justice saw
Offending in this way a second time.
The law for that age might not be amiss,
But, God be praised, 'tis obsolete in this !

LXXVI.

Some pretty prospects might that statute mar,
If for offenders made a rigid search ;
'Twould cause no small confusion at the Bar,
And prove the total ruin of the Church !
And oh ! if executed all who wench,
What Judge could sit in safety on the bench ?

LXXVII.

Yet, possibly, to bring it into play
Might benefit this over-crowded nation,
Because it presently would sweep away
The whole of our superfluous population.
And some would owe the law more necks, I wot,
Than *Lad-lane's* celebrated *Swan* has got.

LXXVIII.

But, fearing no such law, Tom took his course,
And once when Charlotte's music-master came,
While she *took lessons*, he contrived to force
A letter on her.—What starch'd prude shall blame
The lady, if disposed, at all events,
To take it, just to look at its contents?

LXXIX.

And when, on reading of a passion frantic,
She found a proposition to elope,
The thing was so deliciously romantic,
By many she will be forgiven, I hope,
If, after that, ere many weeks were spent,
A signal indicated her consent.

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R. Allen del.

TAKING LESSONS

LXXX.

'Twas settled then, that on the coming Friday,
 Whatever might of good or ill betide,
And whether it turn'd out a wet or dry day,
 That she in Takeall's chaise should take a ride :
That is, in any chaise he, after dark,
Might have in waiting by the neighbouring park.

LXXXI.

One thing she stipulated—'tis but fair
 To state this now, lest some say, Fie upon her ;
'Twas this, that Tom should take especial care,
 Of what each beauty loves to name—her honour ;
But honour is—he had not then to learn,
A very—very portable concern.

LXXXII.

He started then no scruples upon this,
 And, aided by a friend with chaise and pair,
Exulting in anticipated bliss,
 He on the appointed evening sought the fair,
And waited anxiously the silent hour,
Which promised to put Charlotte in his power.

TAKINGS.

CANTO II.

TAKINGS.

CANTO II.

I.

'Twas night!—We find in common conversation,
When people feel embarrass'd what to say,
They frequently get out of tribulation,
By criticising or the night or day;
And half a dozen stammerers together,
Tell you 'tis hot, cold, fine, or rainy weather.

II.

And many poets of a common stamp,
Who of their hero nothing have to tell,
Seize on "day's orb," or "night's resplendent lamp,"
And think describing these will do as well.
Where sun and moon contribute all their fires,
'Tis Heaven undoubtedly the verse inspires.

III.

I, if I pleased, could dabble in this way,

Tell how the clouds came forward and went back,
And how the cold moon threw her modest ray,

Milk white, while all the sky around was black ;
Saving the nearest clouds, which Luna chaste
With silver edged, and with prodigious taste.

IV.

As gay or gayer than the tawdry clothes,

Which all Lord Mayors most elegant suppose ;
In which their footmen when to take the oaths

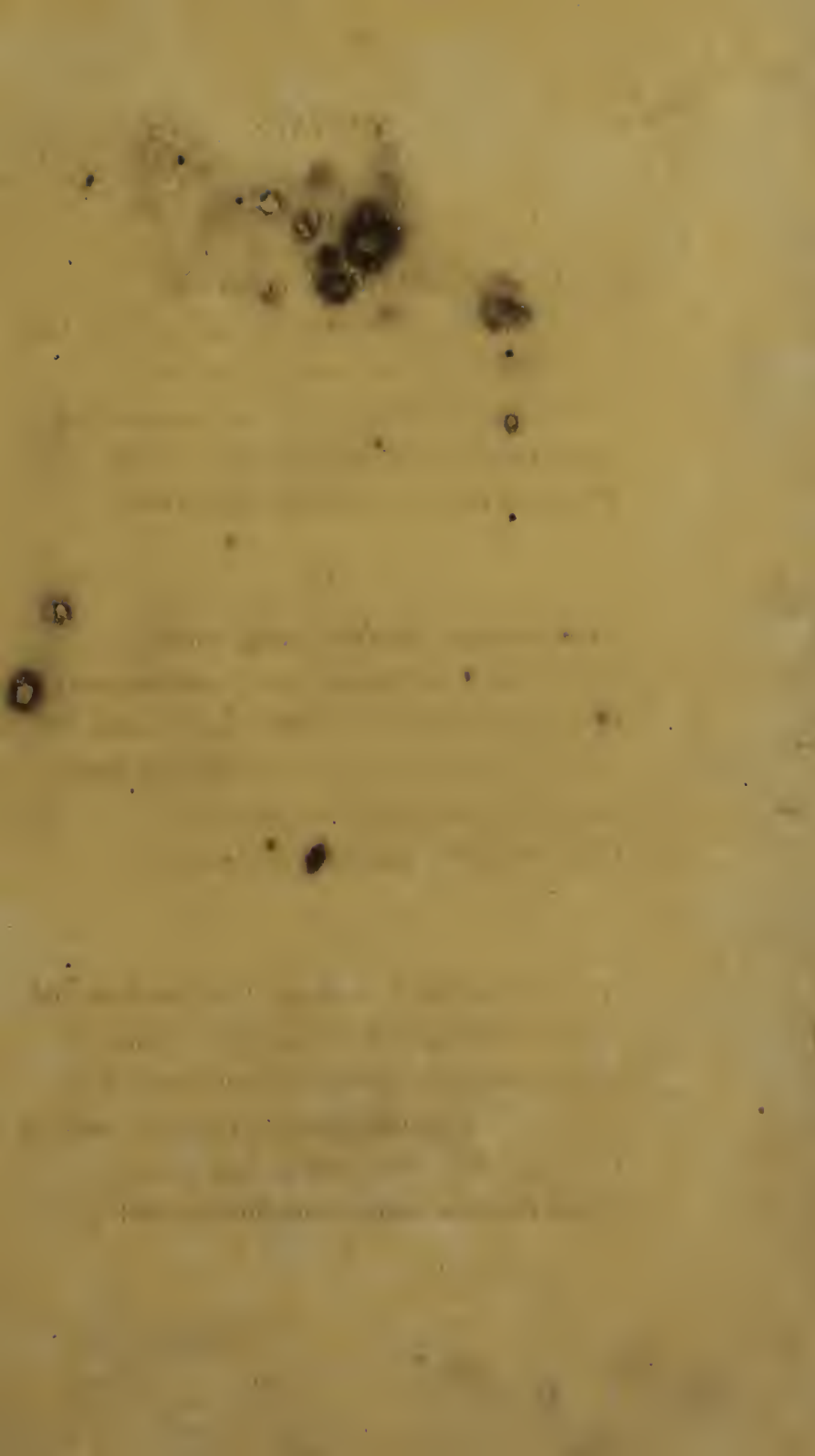
Their Lordships go, grace annual civic shows.
But such embellishments are idle stuff,
I say 'twas night, and that is quite enough.

V.

'Twas night then, Tom by one kind friend attended,

That friend a gallant captain in the second,
Waited, and often wished their waiting ended,

The "tardy gaited" minutes while they reckon'd.
For though they knew no fear, these heroes bold
Found the rude breeze uncomfortably cold.





Ed. 1840. 1st ed. 1840.

TAKING AMISS

VI.

At length the wished-for moment was at hand,
(Why should Time creep so slowly when we call ?)
The cautious signal by the lovers plann'd,
Was heard and answer'd by the garden-wall.
And now her drapery the nymph displays,
Now they assist; and seat her in the chaise.

VII.

Taking a Miss makes such a mighty stir,
That many soldiers, ay, and brave ones too,
In such a cause a triumph would prefer,
To all the laurels won at Waterloo.
Tom though he went not quite so far as that,
Thought the affair a feather in his hat.

VIII.

When difficulties we suppose are over,
Some unexpected matter often doubles 'em ;
This was lamented by our rakish lover,
For Charlotte's honour turn'd out rather troublesome:
One lodging, he conceived, for both would do,
But Charlotte resolutely called for two.

IX.

Until—she'd a reserve, (but this reserve
Abated very little his miscarriage),
Until she from this wise resolve might swerve,
Being indissolubly his by marriage.
Now Tom had sworn to love her all his life ;—
That was not saying she should be his wife.

X.

Few things indeed more opposite—for I,
Ere I wed those I love some time would tarry,
For fifty charmers well content to die,
That I to save from Satan would not marry.
Marriage requires prodigious resolution,
Dying (in love), don't hurt the constitution.

XI.

Takeall knew water dropping on a stone,
Incessantly wears adamant away ;
And by degrees—more rapid he had known,
A woman's resolutions melt away ;
Of virtuous ones, I speak, which oft enough
Are form'd of very “ penetrable stuff.”

XII.

He therefore managed matters to delay,
And cautiously his fond advances made,
Postponing ever wedlock's evil day,
Which he disparaged as a vain parade,
To put on that uninteresting thing,—
The worthless little bauble, called a ring.

XIII.

“ Why, want a church! and why a priest invite?
Be Heaven our witness, and our temple space;
Let Love—the God himself, alone unite
Our fates, and consecrate our resting-place.”
But Charlotte scrupled,—Cupid was stone blind,
And might not settle matters to her mind.

XIV.

Still time and perseverance, he expected
Would ultimately make the fair his own,
If he no opportunity neglected;
When suddenly he found the bird was flown.
So with a mouse a cat will sometimes play,
'Till the intended victim gets away.

XV.

One evil many sober sages tell;
Is ever closely followed by another,
And so on this occasion out it fell :
A challenge came next day from Charlotte's brother ;
To whom the fugitive her sorrows carried,
At last grown desperate through not being married.

XVI.

What could be done ?—Why nothing that I know of,
But see his pistols were prepared for action ;
So as to make it certain they would go off
To give his adversary *satisfaction*.
They met then, as the latter had desired,
Took aim, (pretending they did not,) and fired.

XVII.

Both miss'd. 'Tis very common in such cases
For seconds civilly to interfere,
And set 'gainst new hostilities their faces,
Declaring after what has pass'd 'tis clear,
Though right before could but to one belong,
That neither now can possibly be wrong.



TAKING AIM

There is a great deal of
 difference of opinion
 as to the value of the
 various kinds of
 property, and it is
 difficult to arrive at a
 correct estimate of the
 same.

It is also difficult to
 determine the value of
 the various kinds of
 property, and it is
 difficult to arrive at a
 correct estimate of the
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 difference of opinion
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 same.

XVIII.

But here 'twas different—neither was content,
And so they stood up for another round,
And now the bullet Charlotte's brother sent
The shoulder of the college hero found.
It lodged indeed so very near his breast,
All sublunary cares it put at rest.

XIX.

Flat as a flounder, down upon the ground,
His length Tom measured without more ado ;
His foe came up—regretted that he found
Accomplished, that, which he had tried to do ;
Hoped an improvement soon in his condition,
Then fled with all convenient expedition.

XX.

And here apparently in dangerous state,
I leave him as I something have to say,
About another.—Tom awhile may wait ;
The reader knows he cannot run away.
But then some tender nymph may say “ O fie !”
Suppose while you neglect him he should die !

XXI.

But Tom resembles so the generality

Of those who swell romances, poems, plays,
His friends may be consoled ; for his vitality

Would baffle death in fifty different ways.

The *Pelican* or *Eagle* might ensure

His life at quarter price, and be secure.

XXII.

And poor Eliza ! we must not forget her ;

When we beheld her time the first and last,
'Twill be remember'd she was not much better

Than Tom seems now, as from the pit she pass'd :
And so it is but rational and fair,
To let her have a little of our care.

XXIII.

Borne from the opera,—where it matters not,

Water et cetera brought her round of course,
And she next morning in her mother's cot,

Seemed, not recover'd, but not much the worse,
Though certainly her appetite might fail,
And her mild countenance grew very pale.

XXIV.

And sadly pondering on what she had known,
She sorrow'd for her melancholy fate,
Fondly recalling days for ever gone,
When virtuous love could make her heart elate ;
And happiness though churchmen wisely teach,
Is not of earth, appear'd within her reach.

XXV.

For then affliction never had come nigh,
Ambition knew her not, nor idle pride ;
Remote alike from pomp and poverty,
Her hours were wont in gay content to glide.
And ardent love told unsuspecting youth,
Of ceaseless constancy and lasting truth.

XXVI.

It may not be that language can impart
The thrilling joy, the bosom's altered tone,
The wishes that the recognising heart,
Fears to acknowledge though compell'd to own,
When love first sparkles in the maiden's eye,
Language in vain attempts to soar so high.

XXVII.

Nor less unequal to the deep despair
With which successfully no mind can cope,
When mean neglect of the confiding fair,
Annihilates the fondly-cherished hope,
The fierce extremes of transport and distress
Those who have known, attempt not to express.

XXVIII.

But to the worst calamity the mind,
(A God of mercy has ordain'd it so,)
Becomes inured,—grows tranquil and resign'd
And entertains with decency its woe.
Eliza's gaiety and peace were fled,
But she was calm—no tear the charmer shed.

XXIX.

She strove to soothe a mother too who grieved,
Calamity was destined to o'erwhelm,
And that her husband, by a friend deceived
Had been compelled to seek a foreign realm.
There fortune seem'd some kindness to denote,
But joy was distant,—his return remote.

XXX.

Their sorrow somewhat was indeed abated,
Though still the mother sighed with anxious fears,
Those are not very easily elated,
Who know the sad vicissitudes of years,
Who know how often parted by the main
Hearts sigh to meet that ne'er may meet again.

XXXI.

Eliza sometimes wonder'd that her lover
Since changed their circumstances never came.
In wealth or poverty which e'er might prove her,
Her own affections must remain the same.
She therefore thought—the idea might be strange,
Such accidents in him could make no change.

XXXII.

But to the opera on a free admission
Eliza's brother taking her with him,
To see *Giovanni's* frolics and perdition,
With *Scaramouch Pedrillo's* tricks and whim,
Delia and Tom she saw. How she retired
I need not tell: that night her hopes expired.

XXXIII.

Day followed day, but still no solace brought,
The tear of weakness she forbade to flow,
But with unutterable sorrow fraught,
Alone the sufferer mourn'd in silent woe ;
Though indisposed the anguish to impart,
Which now had full possession of her heart.

XXXIV.

And much she wish'd externally to wear
Such aspect, no one near her might infer
The sorrow that consumed—she could not bear
That any one should shed a tear for her.
Though with excruciating anguish wrung,
To soothe her mother, thus she sometimes sung.

Song.

When last a parent's fond adieu
Burst sadly on my aching ear,
With trembling footsteps I withdrew,
Imperfectly repress'd the tear.

And as the vehicle too fast

Retires, for one more glimpse I strain,
And sigh the fleeting vision past.

Soon may we meet in joy again !

And Hope, prophetic, would suggest

Grief at no distant time shall cease,
That thou, dear absent one, shall rest,
Restored to affluence and peace.

Still for the coming of that joy

The call affectionately vain,
Will ceaselessly my hours employ,
Soon may we meet in joy again.

And if, far distant be that day,

The sad, the sacred duty mine,
To watch the couch of thy decay,
And o'er thy lifeless form recline ;
Oft to thy grave will I repair,
And night's congenial gloom, this strain
Shall hear, embodied in my prayer,
' Soon may we meet in joy again.'

XXXV.

Thus passed Eliza's hours ; some maids would know
Much better how to wile away their time ;
Would on some new admirer quickly throw
Their eyes, and not risk losing all their prime :
That she for no such consolation sought,
I must say proves a shocking want of thought.

XXXVI.

But so it was, and if a nunnery
Had there been found, near which no creature male
Could venture to approach, Eliza, I
Suspect, had been content to take the veil.
Odd taste ! Who else in England would a nun
Become in eighteen hundred twenty-one ?

XXXVII.

Few I believe,—some ugly jades may live
Neglected or forsaken, and who therefore
To Heaven would very liberally give
Those treasures no man can be found to care for.
The lovely, though they might avoid much evil
In this way, had much rather face the Devil.

XXXVIII.

So pensive, pale, and lonely, but quite calm,
And anxious others' sorrows to abate,
Eliza look'd as if Time's healing balm
Already reconciled her to her fate.
One afternoon disturbed the pensive fair,
A loud rat-tat ;—a sound unusual there.

XXXIX.

The door was open'd, and a stranger burst
With small regard for ceremony in ;
Eliza felt surprise, nor saw at first
He who to speak was ready to begin,
A bleeding sufferer on his shoulder bore,
Whose dying struggle seemed already o'er.

XL.

“ Your pardon, Lady, I sincerely crave,”
The stranger said, “ that I so rudely enter ;
To save my friend from an untimely grave,
Thus rashly in your presence made me venture.
To find a surgeon I must run some distance,
And he requires immediately assistance.

XLI.

“ Will you permit me, then, to leave him here,
That I may expeditiously seek aid,
He may expire else ere relief be near.
But little elocution will persuade
A maid to succour. Pity, sure will move,
For one whose only error has been love.

XLII.

“ A lady loved my friend, was loved by him ;
The fair intending to become his wife
Eloped. Alas ! a churlish brother’s whim
Produced, unhappily, this fatal strife.
To tell you more I cannot now delay ;
That pitying glance assures me he may stay.”

XLIII.

Eliza, shuddering, view’d the lifeless form,
But could not speak. The friend did right to guess
Her bosom with sincere compassion warm,
Could never hesitate to acquiesce.
Few hasty words in gratitude he said,
While on a couch his helpless charge he laid.

XLIV.

The wounded man with blood was all besmear'd,
It marr'd his clothes and so disguised his face,
That, had her brother in such state appear'd,
His features she had been perplex'd to trace.
The mother came, and now his pulse was trying,
And she at once declared the man was dying.

XLV.

And so, of course, the parent and the daughter
Concluded useless every aid to be ;
But yet some water, which the latter brought her,
The mother thought could do no harm, and she
Gently began his countenance to flood,
And wash'd away a little of the blood.

XLVI.

'Twas then Eliza recognised her lover,
In him whose being seem'd so nearly ended.
Dim grew her eye, while fix'd upon the rover,
And even respiration was suspended.
Her mother, occupied with Takeall's case.
Mark'd not the changes in Eliza's face.

XLVII.

Ought she to feel affliction ? Tom though shot,
Was proved a wild inconstant reckless wight,
And would not many say that he had got
Exactly that which served him very right ?
Devote to truth, I must not here conceal
Some philanthropic ladies thus would feel ;

XLVIII.

And wish the sufferer to revive, that they
Might tell—" The consequences now you see
When naughty men go wickedly astray ;
You had not suffer'd thus if true to me.
You can't recover ;—I deplore your woe,
But where when dead can you expect to go ?"

XLIX.

Not so Eliza ;—all the pain she felt
Was for the wanderer's desperate condition ;
She on his sufferings, not his errors dwelt ;
To life she sought to wake him, not contrition :
Revengeful feelings to her breast unknown,
She wept his situation, not her own.

L.

Now came the second, with the wish'd-for aid ;

The surgeon snatch'd Tom's wrist, and shook his head,
Remarking, well it was that haste was made,

In calling him ; the vital spark had fled
Had he not lived at a convenient distance,
To give professionally his assistance.

LI.

As things had happen'd, though the wound was serious,

He trusted that it would not mortal prove ;
But then—on this point he was quite imperious,

The sufferer must on no account remove ;
The faculty, but rarely think it good,
A patient should depart their neighbourhood,

LII.

'Till they have given him a sufficient dose,

And almost carried him his troubles through,
By bringing to the dreary grave so close,

That nothing is for others left to do.
Then, to preserve the credit of their pill,
They order off that change of air may kill.

LIII.

I will not longer on these subjects pause,
Few scenes of sickness like at length narrated,
With laboured descants on effect and cause
On what was sent, and how it operated.
Let this suffice, though all with Tom seem'd over,
'Twas shortly evident he would recover.

LIV.

And he so rapidly improved, that folks
Who saw the change, could scarce believe their eyes,
For they had heard some very scurvy jokes
On doctors, and they all expressed surprise,
That one who boasted only moderate wealth,
Should bring a customer so soon to health.

LV.

And he too, at this good or evil luck,
(I shan't say which he thought it), was amazed;
Indeed he once or twice seem'd thunder-struck,
While on the patient's countenance he gazed;
And own'd he had not hoped that one so sickly,
Would get about again so very quickly.

LVI.

The fact was, Tom, who knew the doctor must
Send in a good respectable account,
Determined in his youth and strength to trust,
And would not physic up to the amount.
Each morning in the fire his pills he threw,
His potions from the chamber-window flew.

LVII.

But while in danger, all Eliza's care
Was how the faithless Takeall she might save;
And all a modest maiden's hand might bear
To sorrow's couch, with gentle hand she gave;
Nor did her fairy form escape his eye,
Nor yet her tremulous anxiety.

LVIII.

And curiosity would oft assail,
And wake a wish the head-dress to displace,
Of one so kind, for through her thick'd close veil,
He saw no feature of Eliza's face.
This solace for the past alone she craved,
To save—but never let him know she saved.

LIX.

Acting upon the rule he had laid down,
Takeall proved daily an increase of strength ;
No danger now forbad return to town,
And so for going he prepared at length.
But first he wish'd to learn to whom he owed
The exemplary kindness there bestow'd.

LX.

“ And sweet one,”—(’twas Eliza he address’d,)
“ I fain would better know before we part,
To whom those thanks which cannot be express’d,
Are due from a sincerely grateful heart.
Refuse me not, but answer I entreat ;
Your charity will else be incomplete.

LXI.

“ You hesitate.—Indeed this is not well,
You must not to reveal your name delay ;
I will know—who in goodness thus excel,
Though hopeless adequately to repay—
I must know that dear vocalist whose pow’rs,
Cheer’d with their harmony my saddest hours.”

LXII.

“ Spare me,” she said, “ the pain of a reply,
If you have profited by our poor aid,
Leave us contented in obscurity,
Already with large usury repaid.
To see you well, from danger free and pain,
Our prayer was ever—it has not been vain.

LXIII.

“ Here then we end, no more may I disclose ;
Our anxious cares are with your sufferings o’er ;
May health be yours, and permanent repose ;
We now must bid adieu to meet no more.”
He started as she finished, for her tone
Reminded him of one no longer known.

LXIV.

Impetuously he cried, “ It must not be,
Life saved, and health restored I owe to you ;
Him you preserved will you no longer see ;
Can you thus banish with a cold adieu ?
Who have so kindly succour’d I must learn ;
And here my grateful steps will oft return.”

LXV.

She had retired, but forcibly restrain'd
Entreaties earnestly were multiplied ;
And I suspect while one hand hers detained,
Her veil was by his other hand untied.
Certain it is, it at that moment fell,
And Takeall knew the blushing wearer well.

LXVI.

Eliza trembled, and her streaming eyes,
In diffident confusion sought the ground.
Tom stared and stammered with unfeigned surprise,
Remorse and shame uniting to confound.
Both remain'd silent, she in strange dismay,
He so embarrass'd he could nothing say.

LXVII.

At last he spoke with self-reproaching air,
“ To you, Eliza, then the mighty debt
I find is due, but O! exalted Fair,
This was not wanting to awake regret ;
For wanderings past, which deign to be assured,
Are from this happy moment all abjured.

LXVIII.

“ Ah now accept my undivided heart,
Its lovely mistress thou shalt ever shine ;
No other evermore shall claim a part,
By gratitude ineffable made thine.
This blissful hour my happiness secures,
Binds me Eliza—ever, ever yours.”

LXIX.

“ No,” was her answer.—“ No ; another name
Claims your affections,—mine you must forget ;
That brighter charms should make a stronger flame,
Moves not resentment ;—but—perhaps—regret.
A tear will fall—a tribute to the past,
'Tis gone—forgive me—it shall be the last.

LXX.

“ But know my soul all littleness above,
If keen the anguish parting will intrude ;
Know, she whose worth could not retain your love,
Disdains to profit by your gratitude.
Each to forget—the other must endeavour,
Now bid farewell, and separate for ever.”

LXXI.

She vanish'd—he was tempted to pursue,
But then the mother came to say, “ good-bye,”
Our hero awkwardly this scene got through,
To make acknowledgments obliged to try.
While something very much he wish'd to say,
About returning on an early day.

LXXII.

At last he rather hastily retired,
And took his way to the metropolis,
Recall'd the hopes which once his bosom fired,
The waking visions of exhaustless bliss.
And strove though folly had so long enthralled
To think Eliza yet might be recalled.

LXXIII.

But still there was a firmness in her tone,
And in her manner when she last withdrew,
That made him fear his efforts to atone,
Her resolution never would subdue.
“ If she relent not,” in impassioned strain,
He raved, “ my life has been preserved in vain !”

END OF CANTO THE SECOND.

TAKINGS.

CANTO III.

TAKINGS.

CANTO III.

I.

“ So on he went,” as Satan did, we read
When first to visit earth ’twas his intent,
Grumbling that he had been—he ’d cause indeed—
From Heaven so very ungentlely sent.
But Tom, like Satan—though like Satan undone,
Could find no guiltless Paradise in London.

II.

Takeall, though promisingly convalescent,
Tho’ gathering strength with each succeeding day,
Secure, remaining in a state quiescent,
Of being quite restored with brief delay :
Was not yet strong, and so compell’d to leave her
Whom he had loved, it brought back all his fever.

III.

And to his chamber this again confined him,
A fortnight, or perhaps a little more,
For now Eliza was not near to mind him,
And lower were his spirits than before.
He mourn'd that slightly he e'er could use her,
And shuddered at the thought that he might lose her.

IV.

The moment, therefore, that he got about,
And ascertain'd he had a chance to live,
He sought her mother's cottage to find out
Again to woo his mistress to forgive.
In hopes the explanations he might offer
Would favour of his heart and hand the proffer.

V.

Lovely the opening day burst on his view,
When first beheld its earliest orient streak,
To him the drops of soft transparent dew
Seem'd tears on infant Morning's ruddy cheek ;
And oft he paused, to mark the Sun's young beam,
Falling aslant upon the tranquil stream.

VI.

And still to pause the lingerer was compell'd,
And still he gazed with an admiring eye,
While in the rippling waters he beheld
All the reflected glories of the sky,
Through rising vapours, picturing as they pass,
A beauty's breathings on her looking-glass.

VII.

He gazed upon the angler, who prepared
Against the finny race terrific war ;
He loitered to go forward ere he dared,
For thence he knew the cottage was not far ;
Tom knew it, for the waters there that roll'd
He lately from his chamber could behold.

VIII.

Perceived the cot—it gave no trifling shock ;
Perhaps 'twas joy, perhaps 'twas consternation ;
But he approach'd, and gave a gentle knock,
Then waited in respectful trepidation ;
And soon astonishment provoked a stare,
At hearing those he ask'd for were not there.

IX.

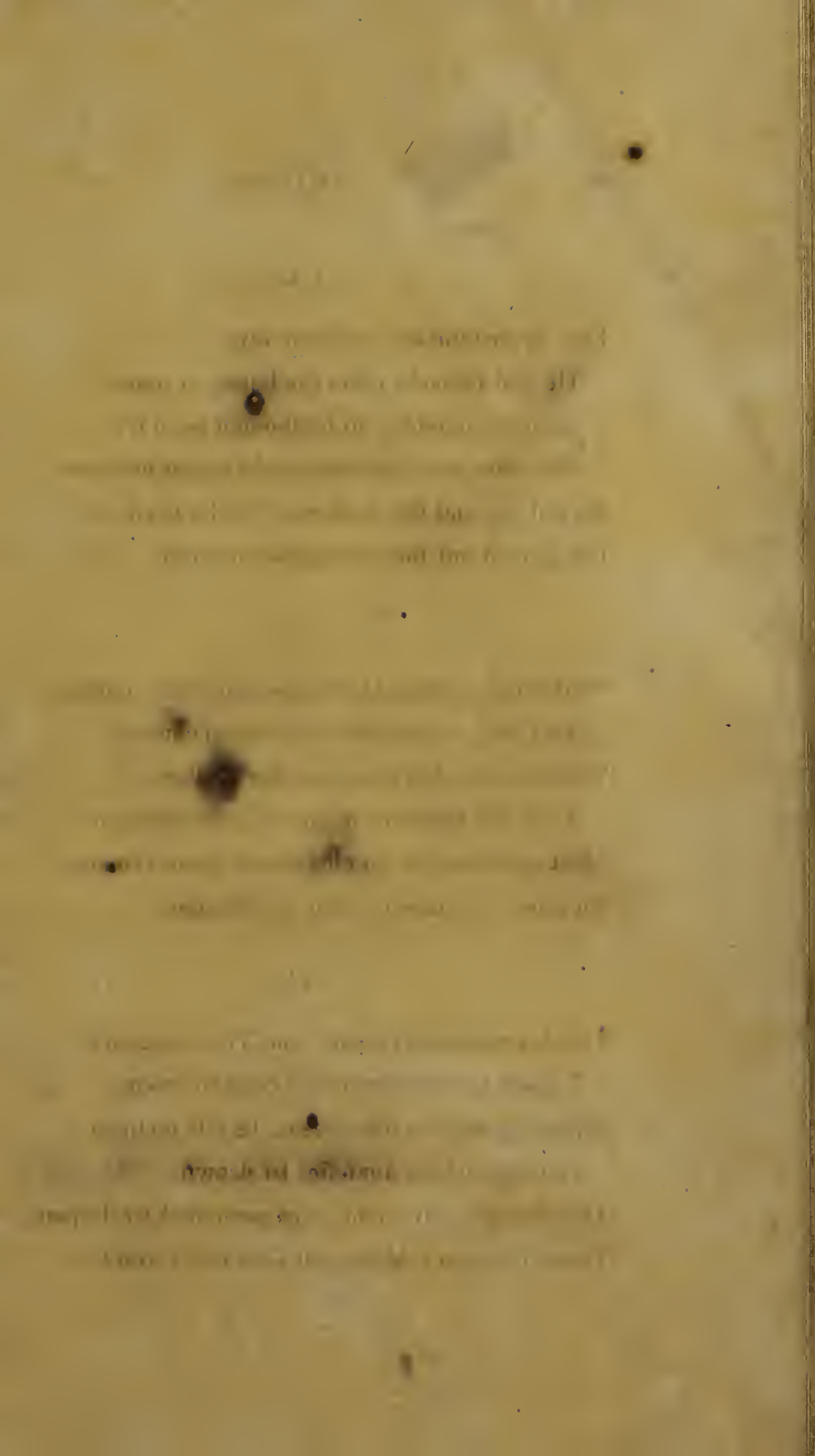
Few opportunities, undoubtedly,
He had remarks upon the house to make,
I mean the outside, so he thought he 'd try
The next one, as perhaps, he might mistake.
He did so, and the next one, 'till he tired,
But gained not the intelligence desired.

X.

That which he heard from one and from another,
Led him, reluctantly, to this conclusion,
That when he left Eliza and her mother,
They fled to guard against a new intrusion ;
Most anxious that no clue should there remain,
To guide his steps to their abode again.

XI.

The day was nearly spent, and Tom chagrin'd
Look'd sorrowfully on the road to town,
When, gazing on the stream, he felt inclined
Himself and his anxieties to drown.
This thought, no doubt, was prompted by despair,
Though reason told 'twould save the Acton fare.





A. D. 1810

TAKING NOTHING

XII.

Upon the margin, then, he took his stand,
Look'd up, and then look'd down, as to contrive
How best to execute what he had planned
And vanish with a comfortable dive.
But then he fear'd a slumberer to disturb,
Resolves like his a little thing will curb.

XIII.

The Cockney angler who to this resort,
Had ventured forth a holiday to keep,
Found with his tackle such delightful sport,
That he had fairly fish'd himself to sleep.
To grieve for *taking nothing* would be vain,
The fishing amateur would this disdain.

XIV.

A fishing-rod has been described to be
Found very often near some muddy pool;
A line we usually at one end see,
And at the other commonly a fool.
This has been said, and if a bouncer—why,
The reader has it quite as cheap as I.

XV.

For my part, I should say the man is wise

Who can so easily obtain delight,

Impaling worms, and torturing grubs and flies ;

If he should follow it from morn till night,

It is so entertaining ! lively ! gentle !

And, more than all, so very sentimental !

XVI.

But yet so far these gentry need not roam ;

The sport they so exceedingly admire

They might enjoy, and use their lines at home,

In pail of water placed before the fire.

This mode of fishing, though some drivellers scoff it,

With equal pleasure, promises like profit.

XVII.

Scarcely a single bite had cheer'd the dunce,

A beggar luckier, by the self-same brook,

'Twas evident, *took something* more than once,

And that without or rod, or line, or hook :

What fish he sought, to pickle, boil or fry,

I have not leisure now to specify.



King of the road

TAKING SOMETHING



XVIII.

The beggar look'd at Tom, and so he thought
He would not then the watery way explore,
As by the mendicant he might be brought,
(The job half finished only,) to the shore.
He wisely scrupled then his plunge to take,
Because one slept and 'tother was awake.

XIX.

While Takeall thus, in melancholy mood
Stood musing, hesitating, like a lover,
As to the fittest course to be pursued,
Sincerely wishing the convulsion over,
That his imprisoned soul might be at large,
He saw approaching an enormous barge.

XX.

He saw, but did it occupy his mind?
No; that with other matters was employ'd;
And all absorb'd, to danger wholly blind;
Nor horse nor barge he studied to avoid.
So while the former on his way was going,
Tom stood between him and what he was towing.

XXI.

The tow-rope fairly had behind him pass'd,
Without his having of it any inkling,
And suddenly o'er head and ears at last,
It soused our pensive hero in a twinkling ;
And death that he to go to had a whim,
Seemed civilly disposed to come to him.

XXII.

O, what a chance this for resigning breath !
He now might perish with secure reliance :
The verdict would be "accidental death,"
And so might bid all coroners defiance.
The danger of cross-roads so much diminish'd,
Drowning at once had all his crosses finish'd.

XXIII.

But people strangely stand in their own light ;
Tom who but now had sought to bring about
What he had got, so little liked his plight,
He with all expedition scrambled out ;
And seem'd as well content on shore to move,
As if a stranger to the pangs of love.

XXIV.

He shook his garments, and he then reflected
His woes by that time all might have been o'er,
But he considered—'tis perhaps expected,
Beginning all again would be a bore ;
His views were changed—he now but thought of trying
To get his clothes a comfortable drying.

XXV.

Resolved on this he speedily decamped,
And though disconsolate his bosom still ;
His love of dying by a ducking damped,
He philosophically chose the ill,
To bear which then occasion'd all his woe,
Instead of braving what he did not know.

XXVI.

With unremitting toil for many days,
He strove to find Eliza's new retreat ;
In vain the lover travell'd different ways,
His failure and vexation were complete.
This had depress'd if nothing else had ail'd him,
But then additional distress assail'd him.

XXVII.

His purse though well replenished for a season,
Grew lighter, every one with ease may guess ;
But Takeall now, the coming week had reason,
To apprehend would find him pennyless.
He hoped that Fortune would again befriend,
The goddess proved relentless to the end.

XXVIII.

Sadly revolving in his harassed mind,
His former folly and his present woe,
It struck him consolation he might find
At Margate, where he now resolved to go,
For there he one relation had to try,
Who might assist him with a small supply.

XXIX.

But how to find the means of passing thither,
Drain'd as his pocket was, perplex'd no doubt ;
Some study it required to settle whither
He first should go, for money to set out ;
The obstacle was great though long he schemed,
It perfectly insuperable seemed.

XXX.

“ Alas !” he cried, while hope his bosom fled,
“ It is not possible to get away ;
So here without the means of getting bread,
Here, I reluctantly must starving stay ;
The last extremity I cannot shun,
I now have no resource,”—his watch struck *one*.

XXXI.

Tom heard, and joyfully he hailed the sound ;
His project might accomplished be, and if he
Had felt despair before, since means were found
Of getting off, it vanished in a jiffy ;
And thus in language as sincere as rude,
Tom (now a poet) breathed his gratitude.

TO MY WATCH.

Friend of my days, who in thy love,
Hast oft, though kindly, sternly strove
To teach the son of rhyme ;
He must if comfort he desire,
Or if to fame he dare aspire,
Keep better pace with time.

With deep regret, with real pain,
I mourn these friendly hints were vain,
In vain didst thou remind
“ Another hour has from thee fled ;
To thee another day is dead :”
I linger’d still behind.

Stealing away in silent flight,
Old Time had shrouded from my sight,
His glass’s falling sands :
But thou told’st of him, and thy cry,
At noon and midnight seemed “ O fie,”
Uplifted both thy hands.

Now to my uncle, there you ’ll be
Safe from the dangers of the sea ;
The world goes round we know,
And malice never more shall say,
I stop while you pursue your way ;
You ’ll *stop* and I shall *go*.

XXXII.

Tom had snug lodgings up two pair of stairs,
And now ascending to the second floor,
Absorbed with his new prospects, unawares
He passed forgetfully his chamber-door ;
And listlessly pursued his course erratic,
'Till gained the top he burst into the attic.

XXXIII.

“ What now ! who ’s there ? ” cried one he saw within,
Then added angrily, “ you ought to knock ; ”
Tom stared, and felt contrition for the sin,
Against good manners, which had no small shock
Inflicted on his all-astonished neighbour,
Just then engaged in an important labour.

XXXIV.

A pan of water on a table stood,
In which—Tom (he had rather given a dollar),
Beheld a fashionable West-end Blood,
Employed in washing cravat, wristbands, collar ;
He blushed, and so would many ’tis surmised,
Thus in the suds unluckily surprised.

XXXV.

Of course to beg a thousand pardons Tom,
Proceeded, as is usual, and withdrew,
When burst the wondering exclamation from
The other—"What the Devil is it you!"
And Takeall in the Washerman then kenned,
Bold Captain Flykite, an old sporting friend.

XXXVI.

The metamorphosis was quite surprising,
Flykite had all surpass'd in fashion's strife;
So Tom began a bit of sympathizing,
About the sad visissitudes of life.
Lamenting he had felt misfortune's weight,
And sorrowing for the Captain's low estate.

XXXVII.

"Why what a Johnny Raw you seem to be!
What is there incompatible with dashing,"
Cried Flykite, "and what you deplore for me,
The doing now and then a bit of washing?
I must acknowledge things might be more clever,
But I am pretty well as rich as ever.

XXXVIII.

“ Save when some unexpected spirt of luck,
Has given me bustle for a week or two,
In such a sorry habitation stuck,
I’ve done, as I am now obliged to do.
And (but the fact it will not do to name),
Half Bond-Street’s ornaments, are just the same.

XXXIX.

“ It is not necessary now for men
To be the same for weeks or months or more ;
Why should a real Dandy then at ten,
Resemble what he means to be at four ?
Then see me, and though puzzled were to dine,
No Lord of thousands shall appear more fine.”

XL.

“ I know not how you manage, but I know,”
Said Tom, “ though less extravagant, that I
Am ruin’d, yet I never made a show,
That with your splendour could a moment vie ;
How you though penniless can be so grand,
Is rather more than I can understand.”

XLI.

“ Because,” said Flykite, “ you I dare assert
Waste cash on things not needed to excel,
Fool money now away upon a shirt,
When collars with good wristbands do as well ;
Forgetting that the man who life would see,
Must study *to appear*, and not *to be*.

XLII.

“ And then again a watch ;—when I was young
Upon the town—a watch was my desire,
While now a little nicely fashioned bung
Will answer every purpose I require.
Should any body want the time to know,
I answer—“ my chronometer won’t go.”

XLIII.

“ For chain and seals you hardly need be told
They’re indispensable—but—hear the end—
Have metal gilt, ’tis folly upon gold,
Or what the goldsmiths call gold, wealth to spend.
Do it, into a snare you’re sure to fall,
And purchase gilded metal after all.

Received of the Hon. the Secy. of the Navy
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R. Paganini & Co. sculp.

TAKING STITCHES

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XLIV.

“ For clothes—of course I never think of new,
But threadbare old ones I know how to turn ;
Two botchers help me, *taking stitches*, you
The Snob, and Tailor opposite discern.
While my own garments undergo repair ;
Another customer’s they let me wear.

XLV.

“ To pick your teeth when hungry be your task,
Look as just risen from dinner and from wine ;
You friends will be the less afraid to ask
The honour of your company to dine.
And say when press’d, lest they at last retreat,
I’ll go for conversation—not to eat.

XLVI.

“ But talk of dinners if you cannot get ’em,
Let people know you want, and you may starve,
Schemers must laugh—seem as if nought could fret ’em.
And then good beef and mutton they may carve.
Men are unanimous in every town
When once a man is down to keep him down.

XLVII.

“ I ’ll introduce you where I visit nightly ;
There’s just a nice snug opening for another ;
I court a widow’s daughter—she is sightly,
And if you like it you may wed her mother.
My friendship prompts this offer, but I ’m rather
Afraid you ’ll prove but an indifferent father.”

XLVIII.

Takeall conceived ’twas no great harm to go ;
He went, and Flykite gayest of the gay,
Recounted all the jokes his friend Sir Joe,
Sported at Pulteney’s where they dined that day.
Had he regarded truth, he might have said,
At home he feasted on a Cold Sheep’s head.

XLIX.

Supper through him was rather underdone ;
Not to remain at first was his decision,
Because he to *the House* was forced to run,
And fear’d to be too late for the division.
But yet to tarry would be no great crime,
His old friend Castlereagh could speak for time.

L.

They stopped, and Flykite, perfectly at ease,
Talk'd of his horses, houses, villas, grounds,
As if at any moment he should please,
He could command a hundred thousand pounds;
And eating heartily while these he 'd mention,
He charm'd the ladies by his condescension,

LI.

“ There, that 's the way,” he cried, when in the street
They found themselves some paces from the door,
“ That is the way, if you would wish to eat,
Strut, swagger, bounce, seem any thing but poor ;
And then the noodles who have got the stuff,
Will never think you feed on them enough.

LII.

“ But evermore with spirit keep it up ;
You should have flourish'd about parks and grounds,
Give treat for treat, and where you dine or sup,
Talk about racers, or of buying hounds ;
Mindful from this course never to depart,
You 'll easily win nay spinster's heart.

LIII.

“ Or any widow’s either :—by the bye
Choose you to mend your fortune marrying here ?
To gain the elder if you choose to try,
And she is wealthy you ’ll succeed ne’er fear ;
For me I fancy one as much as ’tother,
If you Miss Vernal wed, I’ll take the mother.”

LIV.

Tom did not give a positive response,
But hesitating what to do in future,
He visited with Flykite more than once,
And soon was thought the Widow Vernal’s suitor.
Widows, sometimes, when rather past their prime,
Adopt a lover without loss of time.

LV.

Tom always was most welcome ; Flykite taught him
How to hide poverty with saucy strut ;
If ever news a banker fail’d was brought him,
For him it was a very fatal cut ;
And he lamented with afflicted air,
His folly past in keeping money there.

LVI.

A set of good genteel calamities,
Is half the fortune-hunter's stock in trade ;
A slender income they will make suffice,
And sometimes they invite efficient aid.
In humble circumstances, to shun crosses,
Always talk loud about enormous losses.

LVII.

But mind they 're lofty sounding ones ; don't say
Your cruel landlady distrains for rent,
Nor that your other coat is gone away,
By hunger to some Jewish dealer sent ;
Nor tell you 've been, should such mishap befall,
Stripped in some court of conscience of your all.

LVIII.

No ; but report, your tenants " fly by night ;"
Own that your foolish zeal to serve a friend
Has cost you thousands, and his thankless flight
Has made you half resolve no more to lend ;
Now agricultural distress may shock,
And now depressions in the price of stock.

LIX.

Flykite at all these arts was an adept ;
Takeall came very promisingly on ;
And had his better feelings wholly slept,
He might to church have with the Widow gone ;
But thus deceiving, he considered base,
And thus to wed indelible disgrace.

LX.

“ By want to desperation almost drove,
I will not act the despicable part,
Of vowing at the altar endless love,
To one who boasts no empire o’er my heart.”
Thus Tom exclaim’d, and rather than do so,
Determined to encounter any woe.

LXI.

But he went on, “ without a friend or rhino,
What I must do I can’t exactly tell ;
A guinea how to raise, hang me if I know ;
By all deserted who once wish’d me well.
Most awkward the predicament I feel ;
Reduced alas ! to starve, to beg, or steal.

LXII.

“ The first I have not patience to endure ;
To do the second cannot condescend ;
The third alone remains these ills to cure,
And penury in robbery must end.
It seems that exercising my discretion,
I must embrace the highwayman’s profession.

LXIII.

“ But ’tis unpleasant—perilous, at best,
To stop a traveller on the lonely heath,
Present a pistol at his head or breast,
And threaten if resisted instant death.
Should I succeed, and gain a brief release
From want, would conscience let me be at peace ?

LXIV.

“ Shall I to business turn ? Some trades require
But little capital to make a start ;
A merchant’s made as promptly as a ’squire,
By those who are acquainted with the art.
In this way I might cheat of law the rigour,
And manage once again to cut a figure.

LXV.

“ Suppose I deal in coals, and put my name
Against some door, on staring plate of brass,
That were sufficient stock in trade ; but shame
Forbids me stones, dirt, slates, for coals to pass,
And scanty measure seems to my mind's eye,
Though safe, a cowardly sort of robbery.

LXVI.

“ Shall I become wine-merchant?—Ten times worse !
And more from honesty I needs must swerve,
Than he who merely takes another's purse,
In selling poison where I port should serve :
Yet spurning money in this manner made,
I should be thought a scandal to the trade.

LXVII.

“ The Baker's calling is for profit good ;
But will not do.—Shall I the hungry baulk,
And sell, as others do, I've understood,
A compound of potatoes, alum, chalk ?
Better at once blow out the victim's brains,
Than kill by slow disease and lingering pains.

LXVIII.

“ Well, in the Funds supposing I turn Jobber,
Get up false news, and purchase—where’s the sin?
Why, after all, this is but turning robber
To join in such a scheme for taking in.
’Tis braver—nobler to expose one’s neck,
Than basely thus to cheat without a check.

LXIX.

“ At last I have it.—I’ll turn Auctioneer ;
In’sale-room pulpit who could look more knowing?
Who with a voice more audible and clear,
Bawl ‘ Last time’—‘ yours’—‘ against you’—‘ going, going.’
I could hold forth without assailing grammar,
Nod—wink, and use with any one the hammer.

LXX.

“ No ; I abandon every thought of trying,
Despised an auctioneer must be, I wot,
Unless attain’d the polished art of lying
A little faster than a horse can trot,
And skill to swindle each incautious nunny,
By swearing shilling’s worths are worth a guinea.

LXXI.

“ All these are too nefarious for me,
And no one offers me that sort of station,
In which my relatives expect to see
One who has had a College education.
Their fondly-cherish'd visions not to mar,
I'll think of ethics, physic, and the bar,

LXXII.

“ I'll be an advocate, and pocket fees.
Yet I should blush, methinks, to hold a brief,
Calmly engaging on account of these,
' To hang an honest man, or save a thief.'
I, feeling thus, it cannot well be doubted,
By all the leading members must be scouted.

LXXIII.

“ Let me physician be.—But stop a bit—
Baulk'd at the outset!—Who would not disparage
Prescriptions although excellently fit,
Unless obtain'd from one who keeps a carriage?
One I must get, before I can approach
To tax a dying patient for my coach.

LXXIV.

“ Apothecary, then, and one-horse gig,
I’ll be and have.—But can I swell the ills
Of fellow-creatures, caring not a fig,
With nauseous potions and with useless pills,
As they in self-defence do every day,
To fools who will not for *attendance* pay?

LXXV.

“ ‘ Throw physic to the dogs,’ I will have none,
Better my whole soul to the Church be giving;
The duty there more easily is done,
And I may get a comfortable living.
Let me take orders, and no more perplex’d,
Ascend the pulpit and give out my text.

LXXVI.

“ But then to stand before my fellow-men,
The sacred, solemn gospel truths to teach,
While doing as I do, and should do then,
The opposite of what I needs must preach:
This, though by many sanction’d, I detest;
As more iniquitous than all the rest.

LXXVII.

“ Since then, of evils I the least should choose,
My first appearing the most honest plan,
'Tis useless longer on such themes to muse,
And so I must become a highwayman.
This really appears my sole resource,
'Tis better than a more atrocious course.”

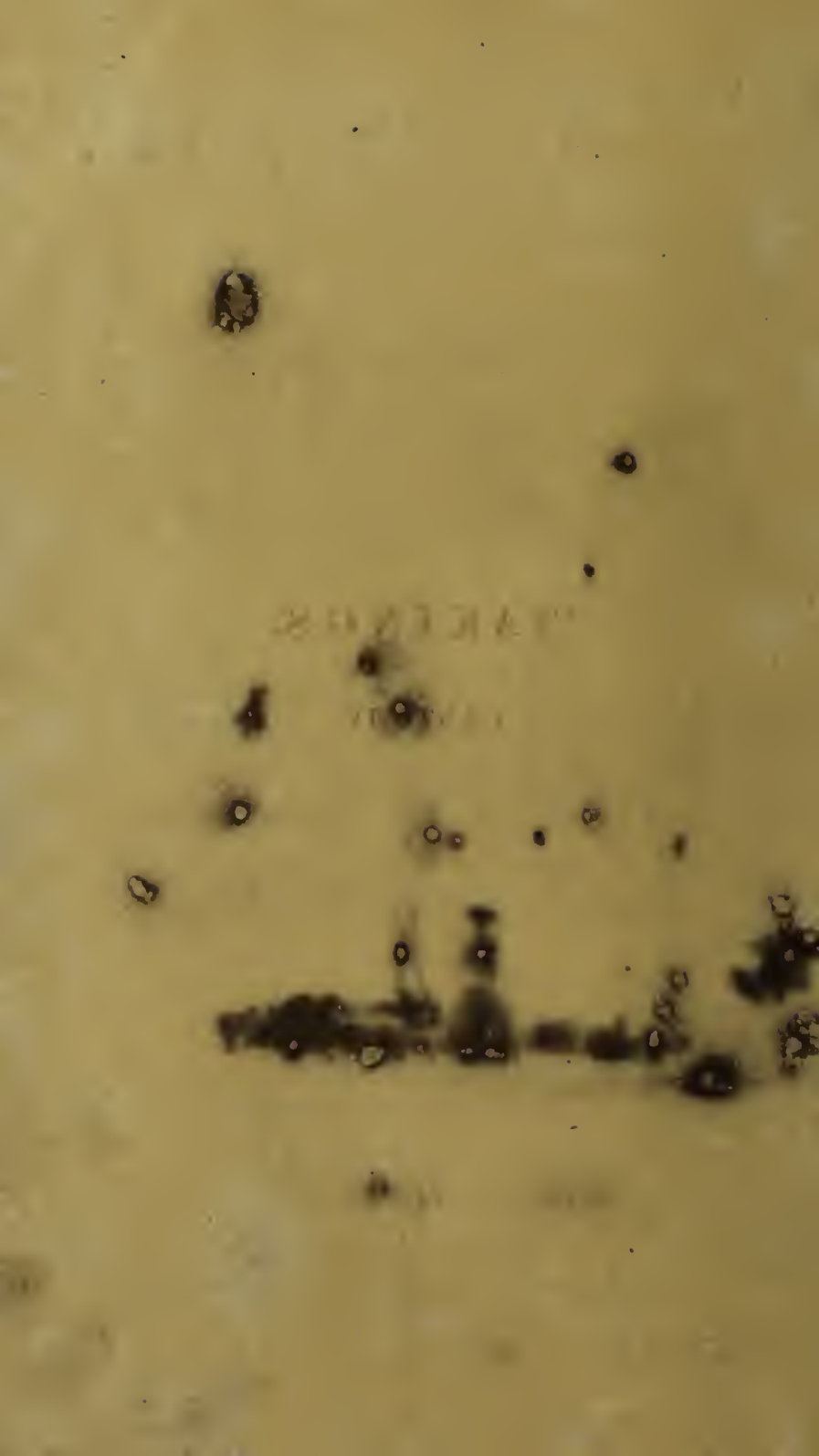
LXXVIII.

By conscience driven to rob, Tom hired a horse,
Pass'd to the road, and now about to mount,
Tried to suppress misgivings and remorse,
When two bleach'd felons, sent to their account,
High on a gibbet rivetted attention ;—
Made him *take* fearful *hints* from their suspension.

END OF CANTO THE THIRD.



TAKING HINTS



TAKINGS.

CANTO IV.

TAKINGS.

CANTO IV.

I.

TOM started at the spectacle, and then

Ideas which before were somewhat slighted,
Claim'd his attention, while the wretched men

He viewed, whose outrages law thus requited,
And no one being near, resolved to try
His hand a little at soliloquy.

II.

“ By heaven!” he cried, he would have said, “ by hell,”

But that would be too tragical he thought,

“ With such exalted characters to dwell

Would be a little awkward. These were brought
To make this most ungraceful exhibition,
Seeking like me to better their condition.

III.

“ I jocularly could to Snavel call,
That if a rope should respiration stifle,
'Twould be no inconvenience *after all*
Or at the worst a very, very trifle.
This to believe, I then myself could bring,
In my own case 'tis quite another thing.

IV.

“ So though my honesty would take the road,
And my integrity another's purse ;
My fears return me to my old abode,
To meditate on actions that are worse,
But which committed, though good men detest
The perpetrator,—law will not molest.”

V.

This plan abandon'd, Tom again recurr'd
To one which previously had occupied
His mind ; though acting on it was deferr'd :
He thought of seeking Margate with next tide.
But this to manage, formerly 'twas told
His gold repeater must be pledged or sold.

VI.

Now the pawnbroker's smiling shop he sought,
 Paused at the window, and admired the store
Of valuables and trinkets thither brought,
 By those who chanced to visit it before.
And still he paused, asham'd it should be known,
Or guess'd, he sought to borrow on his own.

VII.

Such, such is human nature ! ever prone,
 To shrink and be abash'd with little cause ;
Yet lightly feel, if not exulting own,
 Acts that offend divine or human laws.
The shifts of poverty are often shamed,
While crimes are laugh'd at or but slightly blamed.

VIII.

Tom stedfast look'd as if he wish'd to buy,
 And then display'd his purse to cut a flash ;
Werè this, purloin'd by any varlet sly,
 He might have said, Who steals my purse steals trash.
Tom then advanced, with some precipitation
As if to buy were his determination.

IX.

Just then a female voice cried: "Is it you?"

Takeall turned round in horrible dismay,
When Julia Vernal added, "how d'ye do,"

And Tom who something civil wish'd to say,
Stammer'd, "he just was wishing to be by her."
Politeness is too frequently a liar.

X.

For though fair Julia's figure, face and glee,
An anchorite might tempt, of that per annum
Which Tom could claim, he half had given to see,
Instead of her his own old toothless grannum;
But notwithstanding he declared to meet,
Gone pleasure, made his happiness complete.

XI.

They walked together, and in all the shops,
The pictures noted, read th' appended rhyme,
Made in their promenade repeated stops,
To criticise, applaud, quiz, *taking time*.
Another idler suddenly went on,
And Tom that moment found his watch was gone.

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XII.

Placed where a cannon must to atoms blow,
Doom'd in some crazy bark the storm to brave,
Forced in the murderous breach the first to go,
Or looking from a scaffold on his grave.
Or seen some comet just about to pass,
To turn the world and all mankind to glass,

XIII.

He less had known the horrors of despair.
Ye mighty Gods ! who whirl as ye think meet
This orb so vast, so wonderful, so fair,
A tennis *bonce* or *taw* beneath your feet,
Say was such anguish on it ever seen,
Since it was launch'd in space, your bowling-green

XIV.

Frantic,—incensed,—the robber in his eye,—
First through Cheapside with all his might and main,
Tom ran like lightning, (if he did not fly,)
Then with velocity down Gutter-Lane.
Now in some crooked courts the wretch he scann'd,
Which wound into St. Martin's, called Le Grand.

XV.

The Robber by his danger made more fleet,
Fled towards the far-famed lane of Butcher-Hall,
Ran like *Old Lucifer*, through Angel-Street,
Where luckily like *him*, he got a fall.
Then, straining every energy and limb,
Tom got to Newgate cheek-by-jole with him.

XVI.

But Newgate finish'd not the felon's race,
Across the fatal Bailey seen to dart,
He swiftly fled that celebrated place,
And vanish'd from it with instinctive start.
His fortune in Green-Arbour-Court he dares,
Tom seized th' ill omen'd rogue at Breakneck Stairs.

XVII.

With rage and running, panting, puffing, blowing,
He threaten'd hard the captive's every bone,
And just to execute his threat was going,
When down the stairs he saw his timepiece thrown.
Down to the bottom then the Robber sped,
A well-run race, his heels against his head.

XVIII.

From the third floor descended with a run,
The agitated mother out of breath,
In wild disorder sees her favourite son,
And fears to ascertain his life or death.
So Takeall felt with trembling hope and fear,
While lifting the repeater to his ear.

XIX.

His apprehensions soon in joy were drown'd ;
No cruel stone had marr'd its beauteous face,
Unhurt the object of his care was found,
No bruise inflicted on its shining case.
Tom's watch like Homer's heroes on the sod,
Claim'd the kind care of some protecting God.

XX.

His steps he hastily retraced in vain,
Julia he found not. This disturb'd his mind
A little, but occasioned no great pain,
For cash not beauty he desired to find.
So in he rush'd, *his uncle's* gain'd once more.
Nor paused to be accosted at the door.

XXI.

There in a little nook compell'd to stay,

Tom mark'd the friendless dissipated crew,
That fly to such expedients every day.

He shudder'd at the melancholy view,
And shunning contact, while he shrunk apart,
Of *taking pledges* he observed the art.

XXII.

The Sunday's tawdry finery here a flirt

Disposed, and with it pawn'd some charming schemes;
There one appear'd to pledge her husband's shirt,

For lottery ventures and for lucky dreams;
While the spruce shopman from St. Martin's Lane,
Brought his top-boots and silver-headed cane.

XXIII.

But pity fill'd him when a matron came

To ask upon her kettle half-a-crown;
'Tis sad to see an aged female frame,

Bending beneath calamity's stern frown.
Tom would assist her, so to Mister Snatch
He hastily called out and held his watch.



Bagley del. et sculp.

TAKING PLEDGES.

THE GREAT KING OF SWEDEN

CHARLES X. GUSTAVUS

BY JOHN HENRY MANNING

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON: PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON

ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD

THE HISTORY OF THE

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XXIV.

But of her bloated visage gained a sight,
And seen the urchin near with vicious grin,
Who hugged a bottle,—changed his thoughts were quite;
Despised the reckless votary of gin.
No more her wants and sorrows touch his heart,
And with ten pounds, he hastens to depart.

XXV.

Now off to Margate o'er the watery way,
Our hero bounds as swift as any deer,
And after little more than half a day,
Arrives “*per steam*,” upon the *penny pier*.
And there begins himself at home to feel,
With people who go out to look genteel.

XXVI.

His fondly-cherish'd hopes were soon no more:
Relations all except a very few,
Find a poor kinsman is a perfect bore,
And if not black, they presently look blue.
Tom's relatives, his worthy sire offended,
Hinted that their connexion must be ended.

XXVII.

'Tis true, Tom did not take the proper way
To make himself an object of research ;
Seen donkey riding on collection day,
Just as his pious cousin left the church ;
It gave that worthy man a shock so great,
He absolutely saw no begging plate.

XXVIII.

'Twas sad, but often those who seek the Lord,
Turning from all their wickedness to live,
Leave church so much affected by the word,
That they in charity but *little* give ;
And so Tom's cousin, there are grounds to fear,
Very particular might not appear.

XXIX.

Dissenters in collections best succeed,
They rouse the conscience and contrive to shock it,
And he who saves a shilling for his need,
Is told the Devil keeps it in his pocket.
What noble buildings from this holy skill,
Grace Hoxton, Paddington, and Pentonville.



R. Day's del. & sculp.

TAKING LITTLE



XXX.

A very little incident sometimes
Suffices to confirm a prepossession,
Of this the world—before it gain'd my rhymes,
Had managed somehow to obtain confession ;
Takeall, 'twas thought, one morning's church neglected,
Proved all, or more than all, before suspected.

XXXI.

Shunn'd by relations—Tom turn'd portrait-painter.
'Twas once his sport, and many who know less
Of painting, and who likenesses make fainter
Than those he could produce, with great success
Have managed to impose a tax on faces,
At all the well-attended watering-places.

XXXII.

Tom quickly circulated every-where,
That likenesses, a score as well as one done,
Would be supplied so long as he was there,
By Mr. Takeall, painter, and from London.
But, luckless still, his notice made no stir,
And only gain'd for him one customer.

XXXIII.

'Twas Mrs. Bosky, who from Cripplegate
Had ventured forth to cross the boisterous sea.
At Margate, with no little pomp and state,
She carried all before her, who but she ;
And now prepared, as from the air she thrived,
To gratify her Lord when he arrived,

XXXIV.

By giving him her portrait. Who think such
A thought ridiculous—are—but I shall
Not here say what. The portrait pleased so much,
Her spouse preferr'd not the original.
Had Mrs. Bosky died—O ! fatal cross,
This had almost consoled him for the loss.

XXXV.

But when she sat, our hero was embarrass'd
While gazing on her beefy, flabby face,
To know how to proceed.—His mind was harass'd
By dread, that if a likeness he should trace,
The lady would indignantly reject,
An effort so atrociously correct.

XXXVI.

Her flaxen locks shone with resplendent gloss,
 (Gay as round Raphael's skull the laurel sprig
Which taste supplies,) adorn'd she was by Ross,
 With all the bright varieties of wig.
This certainly no business was of his,
But then he knew not how to touch her phiz.

XXXVII.

That she a nose had nearly thrice as wide
 As those in common use, he fear'd to hint.
“ Ought I,” he doubtingly exclaim'd aside,
 “ Do justice to her amiable squint?”
While hesitating still, some warbler near
Pour'd forth a well-known ditty in his ear.

Song.

Song.

When the sun in the west closed his toil for the day,
And smiled as rejoiced to get home,
To the fountain reflecting in tears his last ray,
I loved yet an infant to roam :
There watching the fugitive drops through their fall,
To swell the dark torrent below,
“ Gay sparklers,” I cried, “ what becomes of you all,
Do you perish—or where do you go ?”

Where now are the drops which then beam'd on my eyes,
Have they rippled their way to the sea ?
Or now become tears, is it they in disguise
Each sorrowful day brings to me ?
Alas ! too like them are the friends I once knew ;
Their moment of being is o'er ;
Borne away on life's stream, they have vanish'd from view,
Or so changed I can know them no more.

XXXVIII.

Tom was confounded at a strain like this,
So exquisitely thrilling was the tone ;
The words themselves he thought were not amiss,
For this good reason,—that they were his own.
Fathers of rhymes evince, I know not why,
Great kindness for their jingling progeny.

XXXIX.

The song was one that Tom at College made ;
It had been written for Eliza's voice ;
And the rich melodies that now invade
His ears, seemed those of her—his earliest choice.
The lay that his astonished senses twitted,
Had only to Eliza been transmitted.

XL.

But yet incredible it almost seem'd,
That in the boarding-house, dame Bosky's pride
A fit abode for opulence had deem'd,
His humble friendless mistress should reside.
His ravish'd ears he hardly dared to trust,—
It could not be Eliza ;—yet, it must.

XLI.

He had desired an hour or two to muse,

Could Mrs. Bosky such delay have brooked ;
But now his pencil he began to use,

To paint the face,—not that on which he looked ;
But that which he suspected to be near,
A face though once neglected, always dear.

XLII.

And so he Mrs. Bosky's *likeness* made,

A little more than passible to pass ;
(Such things are common in the way of trade),

But fearfully at variance with her glass.
This was the mirror's fault, as she could swear,
Most aged ladies find good glasses rare.

XLIII.

She could of course believe the painter's eyes,

The picture therefore gave great satisfaction ;
And Takeall's skill, applauded to the skies,

Was promised an extensive field of action.
Tom thought to paint what sitters would applaud,
A tolerably honest kind of fraud.



R. D. W. 1840

TAKING LIKENESSES

1811

George who was born in 1811
 The year when the first of the
 The first of the year 1811
 The first of the year 1811
 The first of the year 1811
 The first of the year 1811

1812

The first of the year 1812
 The first of the year 1812
 The first of the year 1812
 The first of the year 1812
 The first of the year 1812
 The first of the year 1812

1813

The first of the year 1813
 The first of the year 1813
 The first of the year 1813
 The first of the year 1813
 The first of the year 1813
 The first of the year 1813

XLIV.

People who most anxiety profess

To serve those who have added to their pleasures,
Let their dependents sometimes feel distress,
Ere they to recommend take proper measures.
Takeall experienced this through many days,
Starving on barren hope and empty praise.

XLV.

Still for the unseen vocalist his mind,

Incessantly the strongest interest felt ;
Solution to the riddle bent to find,
He hover'd round the mansion where she dwelt.
Yet, doing so, an awkward doubt annoy'd,
Whether he ought to seek, or to avoid.

XLVI.

Poor as he was, 'twere madness to invite

Renewal of affection, once confess'd ;
And meanness to desire her to unite
Her fate with one so humbled and distress'd.
He thought to shun, then, ought to be his will,
And thinking so, pursued the charmer still.

XLVII.

Nor unsuccessfully : one afternoon

He saw her seated in a splendid carriage ;
It was Eliza's self, who very soon

Saw him who was to have been her's by marriage ;
And she saluted him with easy grace,
While sudden pleasure mantled in her face.

XLVIII.

And he, but that might be a vain conceit,

Thought as the coach moved hastily away,
Eliza looked as if rejoiced to meet,

As if she something had desired to say.
Kindly she waved the handkerchief she bore,
And all her former coldness seem'd no more.

XLIX.

To know her situation, now he burn'd,

And soon intelligence obtain'd by stealth,
That recently her father had return'd

From Russia, blest with unexpected wealth ;
Largely repay'd for dangers he had braved,
Through which a noble pupil's life was saved.

L.

Tom joy'd to hear of this prosperity,
But for himself that moment hope expired,
And he determined instantly to fly
The interesting being he admired.
“ By me,” he cried, “ she must no more be seen,
To woo were now as insolent as mean.”

LI.

To London that same night he took his way.
Yet one consoling thought would linger still,
“ If they at Drury should perform my play—
Should it succeed, and many houses fill,
O then,” he cried, “ with affluence and fame
I might Eliza's hand aspire to claim.”

LII.

The gay idea in his favour rose,
Dreaming of riches, splendour and renown,
He felt no more the agonizing throes
Which fill'd his bosom starting off for town.
Arrived, he with all expedition went
To where the answer was to have been sent.

LIII.

And there he found it waiting, cut and dry.

As captious scribblers, grumble at delay,
The kind Lessee, intent to gratify,

Printed the answer while Tom wrote the play.
A good expedient this, because one call
Might easily be made to serve for all.

LIV.

This promptness is more glorious in the wight,

Who, to his everlasting honour be it
Made known, admits *'tis hard good plays to write,*

But harder still to *know one when you see it.*
And so to read—here's reason with the rhyme—
Were wasting his invaluable time.

LV.

Tom got the letter, then, and O! the thrill

It gave I'd paint, if Heaven would teach me how.
Hopes not more rapturous can his bosom fill,
Who in the Lottery holds a sixteenth now,
Hopes just as rational, and just as short ;
Witness the Acting Manager's report.

Drury Letter of Rejection.

LVI.

“ I am instructed to return you, Sir, .

 The manuscript——” (a blank Tom stared to see
Left by the printer for the manager),

 “ By you submitted to great Mr. E.
The reasons he your play thinks uninviting
You ’ll spare me the necessity of writing.

LVII.

“ But they are founded, it should be expressed,
 On strict impartiality, (which force
Must give them,) and attention too—the best.”

 (The best in quality was meant, of course ;
The Manager could not intend to say
He much in quantity had thrown away.)

LVIII.

“ And Mr. E.—don’t let it make you blush,
Is flatter’d by the preference you, who sent
A tragedy not worth a single rush,
Have thus evinced for his establishment.
Its interests still he hopes will be your care,
And further has the honour to declare,

LIX.

“ That all his doors, ’tis his determination,
Shall open wide to each aspiring bard—
To talent of all kinds in every station,
That Mr. E. can sanction or reward ;
So do not for a moment be deluded,
To think that merit is with you excluded.”

LX.

Takeall, like every dabbler in his line,
Believed his play approach’d the excellent
In plot, with incidents and language fine,
That ought the actors, must the town content ;
And so, like all rejected bards, would swear
That the decision come to was unfair.

LXI.

Marr'd all his prospects, Tom the garret sought
And hired, which Flykite formerly had rented,
And, pondering on the miseries he had brought
Upon himself, he heartily repented
That he had mock'd advice. It is the fate
Of youngers to grow penitent too late.

LXII.

“ But vain regret,” he cried, “ must not consume
My time, for something quickly must be done
To gain subsistence, or from this poor room
I presently shall be obliged to run.
Though baffled cruelly at Drury-Lane,
I resolutely take my pen again.

LXIII.

“ But not to write a play—since Managers
Can at their pleasure genius hold in fetters,
Rejected once, I'll be no longer theirs,
Unless I nothing else can do by letters ;
And certainly there is variety
Enough to tempt in prose or poetry.

LXIV.

What mighty engines are the little things
We letters call. 'Tis own'd by foe and friend,
The peace of empires and the fate of kings,
On use of these may frequently depend.
Tom at the vast idea felt surprised,
And thus the Alphabet apostrophized.

Address to the Alphabet.

I wonder, O Alphabet! what would have been
The face of this world, as we mortals pass through,
And what would have cheer'd, and what sadden'd the scene,
Had not Cadmus, or somebody else thought of you!
As matters now stand, or in sorrow or joy,
Almost all that affects, those who read must agree,
The news that delights, the commands that employ,
We gain at thy hands, potent, famed A B C.

A B C, mind I take as the name of the firm,
You're entitled to claim, or to sue or be sued,
Initials that now form a popular term
With Alphabet mostly synonymous view'd.

Had you not been fashion'd our planet to glad,
What different amusements, and studies, and ways.
Must needs have been sought, if we could not have had
Novels, histories, newspapers, poems and plays.

They little foresaw, who first call'd for your use,
The part you would have to perform in late times,
The odd combinations that scribes would produce,
By their labours in prose, or their frolics in rhymes.
If the nonsense which you have on all countries hurl'd,
Had never been written—of course never read,
Had so much of folly been spared to the world?
Or would it have burst forth in actions instead?

The mischief you 've done, as I cannot now write
Of folio volumes a thousand or two,
I will not approach at this time of the night,
For the terrible task I should never get through;
But just in a general way I may hint,
Though Liberty's interests by you may prevail,
Your agency giving opinions to print,
Has doom'd many hundreds to languish in jail.

How the savage must stare in the world's ruder state,
At the part play'd by you, when he suddenly found
While conference joining or eager debate,
'Twas yours to arrest and to shape reduce sound,
To be carried o'er oceans ! It scarcely could seem,
Had thunder acknowledged a mortal command
More strange,—or had lightning submitted its gleam
To be carried away in the pocket or hand.

How mighty the change could you now be withdrawn !
Full many a ranting M. P. would not spout,
If no journal could issue the following dawn,
To tell all the world what he spouted about.
Poets, printers, and critics, and playwrights must go,
With library keepers, and booksellers gay,
While patriot and loyal petitioners low,
Would be laid in a moment if you were away.

Were this beneficial !—Hang me if I know !
Much wisdom you furnish ; but 'twixt you and me,
You give too of folly so boundless a flow,
That seeking the former we 're wholly at sea.

And falsehood so soberly imitates truth,
As nonsense will frequently clearness of head,
That seeking for knowledge, too credulous youth,
Become worse than ignorant, being misled.

What your true value, then, I am puzzled to tell,
Or whether most good or most harm you have done,
And being uncertain, perhaps 'tis as well
To finish my musings just where they begun.
But, dear A B C, think not hostile my lay,
In spite of misgivings attach'd to you still,
A sword of defence I would not throw away,
Because an assassin may use it to kill.

END OF CANTO THE FOURTH.

TAKINGS.

CANTO V.



TAKINGS.

CANTO V.

I.

To letters fortunately reconciled,
Tom driven by poverty's relentless storm,
Some very melancholy hours beguiled,
Attempting combinations new to form,
That might with future laurels grace his brow,
And give a trifle for subsistence now.

II.

And there was something glisten'd to his eye,
Shining in all surpassing glory bright,
That to the ambient air gave every sigh,
Which struggled first from the deserted wight.
'Twas Hope :—a wanton gay fantastic throb,
That deigns by cheating, of despair to rob.

III.

Sweet Hope !—though oft absurdly vilified,—
O condescend through life my veins to thrill !
Though far-remote, the joys with thee descried,
Still gaily dazzle and console me still :
And when one prospect fades that I pursued,
Suggest some other object to delude.

IV.

'Twas Hope suggested Takeall might succeed,
Like certain jinglers who were all the rage :
Charm all who read, and make all hearers read,
And shine the noblest poet of the age.
Pleased with the thought delectable as vain,
The gay enthusiast soon forgot his pain.

V.

This rapturous glow wherever he repair'd,
Was now the blithe companion of his heart ;
And warm'd by this, sometimes like one just scared,
Or like a race-horse, he would sudden start.
Running regardless who was in the street,
Stared at by all he chanced to pass or meet. .

VI.

One evening, after a convivial day,
A worthy Alderman and sage M. P.
From tavern of Freemasons took his way,
Practising still his much beloved thrice three,
This little variation only found,
His head and not his bumper glass ran round.

VII.

Still writhing on, with looks profoundly grave,
He sought the neighbourhood in which he dwelt,
But somehow lost his centre. Nought could save
The Earth's from being then severely felt;
So down he fell at risk of broken bones,
And measured all his length upon the stones.

VIII.

Just then, Tom ruminating on the Muses,
Came up the street at his most rapid pace,
Added a couple to the Topper's bruises
By kicks, and then went sprawling on his face.
A very wholesome lesson after all,—
That those who go too fast are like to fall.

IX.

He call'd the watchman from the other side
To aid the toper, but night's guardian grim,
Howe'er deplorable his case, replied
It matter'd nothing in the world to him.
The prostrate man was ten yards off his beat,
And so might sleep or perish in the street.

X.

Tom lost his patience and began to swear ;
'Twas not a pious nor a prudent plan,
The watchman with indifference this could bear ;
But told the sufferer was a gentleman
Who might reward, his gentle heart relented ;
To help the Alderman he then consented.

XI.

In *taking Home* our hero lent a hand,
And grateful for the active part he play'd,
The Citizen indulged in offers grand,
And of his pocket-book a present made.
He raged when 'twas refused ; so Tom gaveway,
Fix'd to restore it on the following day.



R. Dugie del.

W. H. D. sculp.

TAKING HOME

Published by John Turner, Old Bond Street, and J. R. E. P. Turner, 10, New Bond Street.

The first of these is the fact that the
the second is the fact that the
the third is the fact that the
the fourth is the fact that the
the fifth is the fact that the

The sixth is the fact that the
the seventh is the fact that the
the eighth is the fact that the
the ninth is the fact that the
the tenth is the fact that the

The eleventh is the fact that the
the twelfth is the fact that the
the thirteenth is the fact that the
the fourteenth is the fact that the
the fifteenth is the fact that the

XII.

The alderman safe housed, Tom moralized,—

“ O ! how life’s blessings mortals can abuse !
Heaven’s bounties are forgotten or despised,
’Till miserably ’tis our lot to lose.

I, like this toper, once could madly roam,
Nor knew home’s value ’till I had no home.

XIII.

“ But would I now should comfort smile once more,
For all the joys of dissipated strife,
Leave home to go where Bacchanalians roar,

Or gamblers rave, and then boast “ This is life ?”
Calamity has taught—too late grown wise,
The home that I am exiled from to prize.

XIV.

“ What constitutes home, then ? A splendid roof,
Where wealth abounds and liveried lackeys wait,
Where gay profusion, want and care aloof

Compels to skulk, and all is pomp and state ?
No, ’tis that hallowed although poor retreat,
Where kindred hearts with generous transports meet.

XV.

“ There where kind wishes, hopes, and cares unite,
Where happiness to one, is bliss to all ;
'Tis there the images that yield delight,
Are found with pleasures that can never pall ;
And joys that palaces can seldom match,
Are known beneath the humble roof of thatch.

XVI.

“ Home! had I earlier understood thy worth,
A generous father's love and anxious care,
Had made me happiest of the sons of earth ;
Thy heavenly face, Eliza, had been there !
But, hence reflection ;—why such pictures trace ?
I have no home,—I 'll seek my resting place.”

XVII.

Gain'd his apartment, Tom was nearly choak'd,
By fumes that from the adjoining garret came ;
There an old basket-woman calmly smoked,
And poured libations to great Deady's name.
Tom felt inclined reproachfully to say,
You might *take comfort* in another way.



Edinburgh: J. & W. G. & Co. 1840.

TAKING COMFORT



XVIII.

But then reflection whispered, "Make no din."

Why should I speak? no business 'tis of mine,
And after all, a glass or two of gin,

Degrades not more than several quarts of wine;
Which many boast they carry, while they sham
Scorn for the muddling drinker of a dram.

XIX.

He closed his door, unwilling to behold

More of his humble neighbour's happiness;
Then, to his rhyming scheme for gaining gold

He turned, resolved on writing for the press.
"I'll publish such a work as ne'er came out,"
He cried, "but stay, what must it be about?"

XX.

"What subject will at once be good and new?"

Tom paused; the paper was before him spread,
And somewhat undetermined what to do,

He rubbed his hands, and then he scratched his head,
And now his paper he in sportive mood,
Accosted thus, as if it understood.

Reflections on a Sheet of Paper.

Could you but tell where you have been,
My paper, much it would delight ;
Could you describe what you have seen,
I would attend to you all night.

A vigorous plant you once no doubt,
Enjoyed of Heaven the ample view ;
Pushed by each boisterous gale about ;
Played with by every breeze that blew.

You fell, and then in linen-piece,—
(You might narrate, had you a tongue,
A trader's riches to increase,)
Bleached on the field where first you sprung.

Puff'd off at "half prime cost," who knows
But saving dames have been content
To pay, just twice your price with those
Who own they profit ten per cent.

Fain would I learn what next your state.

Into what service did you press ?

'Twas possibly your happy fate,

To form a part of Chloe's dress.

Perhaps, you as her robe of night,

Dwelt in her chamber,—ne'er went thence ;

And of a mistress kind as bright,

Alone enjoyed the confidence !

Could you but tell where you have been,

My paper much it would delight ;

Could you describe what you have seen,

I would attend to you all night.

But yet instead of being near

The warm soft bosom of a flirt ;

Perchance you were ere you came here,

A patch upon a beggar's shirt.

For grown old, sad varieties

You may have proved ! perhaps now worn

A bandage o'er a blind man's eyes,

Or now for wounded finger torn.

But deeper, more tremendous gloom
Might threaten you, more awful shocks,
Doomed to the fire, a martyr's doom,
Intended for the tinder-box.

How interesting your romance,
If told what then your hopes and fears,
'Till saved from flame by some kind chance,
At last the rag-bag dried your tears.

Great then your rapture, but you found
A fate you had not learned to dread,
Sold to some dealer by the pound,
And torn for paper thread from thread.

But passed the fearful trial now,
Consoled for all your former sighs,
You smile again with cloudless brow,
Relieved from past impurities.

And now in spotless white arrayed,
You, with vile dirt so lately stained,
Might fancy—a new creature made,
That you a better world had gained.

And when that thought at rest was set,
Indulging visions gay as vain ;
You, as a note, might hope to get,
To Chloe's bosom once again.

Or, if ambition can pursue,
You might expect a statesman's pen,
Would manage to arrange with you
The weightiest affairs of men.

But, ah! repress the bold desire,
Nor hope a messenger of bliss,
To speak the lover's generous fire,
To gain from love the fervent kiss.

Nor as the minister's dispatch
To bid relentless slaughter cease ;
While eager crowds each sentence catch,
And hail the glad return of Peace.

A scurril song may mar your face,
A lottery puff your pages reach,
Praise of their poison quacks may trace,
Or you may bear a dying speech.

And other ills you may deplore,
Worse than the foulest blots of ink,
Of which you never dreamt before,
Of which I hardly dare to think.

You may be doomed to wrap up snuff,
Or piece-meal torn for turning hair ;
And forced, as this were not enough,
The barber's curling-tongs to bear.

You may announce a cobbler's stall
To let,—the broken casement stop ;
Or, to your fortune it may fall
To pass to trunk or butter-shop.

The woes that threaten are so great,
I cannot half of them divine ;
So sad, so doubtful is your fate,
'Tis as deplorable as mine.

Both fearful changes and distress
Have known, but what 'twas yours to see,
I know no more than you can guess,
What I am likely now to be.

Could you but tell where you have been,
My paper much it would delight ;
Could you describe what you have seen,
I could attend to you all night.

XXI.

Toni ceased.—“ I’m losing time,” he cried, and nettled
To think that nothing he as yet had done,
Snatched up his pen—the paper’s business settled,
And what he called a poem, was begun:
To him, at any rate, it gave delight,
So on he scribbled nearly half the night.

XXII.

Rising at noon, he sought the toper’s dwelling,
And found his friend but in an awkward way,
Now swallowing drugs, and now to hartshorn smelling,
To chase the bumpers of the former day.
Those who, carousing, stupefy their senses,
Prepare themselves delicious consequences.

XXIII.

Tom saw, and could not but enjoy the scene.

The world affords few scenes more farcical
Than those of *taking physic*, where I've been

To me appear, at least in general ;
But risibility I can control
When I'm chief actor.—Then, 'tis not so droll.

XXIV.

But dearly I the writhings love to view

Of almost any other hapless elf,
In ludicrous distress and doleful stew,

When Buchan's snatched from the neglected shelf ;
Where sad repletion heaves the piteous sigh,
For ever looking round for sympathy.

XXV.

And then to mark the calm old Tabby, who

To find her way into such scenes is sure,
Engaged to physic and to lecture, too,

With tranquil air, so solemnly demure,
Preparing drenches, and, with cautious stops,
Counting the nicely-regulated drops.



TAKING PHYSIC



XXVI.

While the grim patient, with averted face,
Indulges in contortions wild and strange,
Sad, as if doctors had pronounced his case,
Such that to hope, no miracle could change :
The dose to swallow forced at last to dare,
How comical the grin of his despair !

XXVII.

Tom was remembered, and a cordial greeting
Awaited him, for joy, not to be stifled,
Burst from the patient. Till this happy meeting
He verily believed he had been rifled
Of sums not small, which 'scaped his recollection
When given his pocket-book to Tom's protection.

XXVIII.

Announced the sick man's sister, Tom thought fit
To take his leave, and finish the adventure,
But t' other would on no account permit,
And Takeall now saw Mrs. Bosky enter.
She recognised the painter, who so *like*
Made portraits that they even sitters strike.

XXIX.

Takeall compelled to stay, and dine and sup,
And pressed his visits daily to repeat,
Found the connexion worthy keeping up ;
And frequently repaired to Coleman-Street.
Dabbling a little in the artist's trade,
Through Mrs. Bosky he some guineas made.

XXX.

But Mr. Wiggins, Mrs. Bosky's brother,
Soon learned that Tom desired a poet's fame,
And this he thought the stripling gave another
Claim on his kindness, and no common claim :
For this disclosed, he henceforth might regard
His sister's painter, as a brother bard.

XXXI.

“ And I,” to Takeall he exclaimed one day,
“ However like a common plodding elf,
Have done at times a little in your way,
Of the chaste Nine, a worshipper myself :
Through this I went to Margate t' other day,
To pick up rhymes and figures by the way.

XXXII.

“ Ah then what fires could animate my soul !

These kept me warm, while thro’ the chill of eve,
’Twas mine along the ocean’s edge to stroll,

And mine the storm’s first splashings to receive,
And there while gazing on the lurid sky,
I burst forth in delicious rhapsody.

The Alderman’s Parody.

“ Non usitata, nec tenui ferar.”

A twofold poet, on no timid wing,
I will undauntedly through ether spring,
On vulgar earth no longer I’ll be stopping.
Superior to the envious, I leave town,
My country box in Hornsey-Lane lay down,
And bid adieu to warehouses at Wapping.

Adopted as the Muses' favourite, I
Have made a resolution not to die ;
 I'll scorn the stern restrictions of the Styx,
And feathered over shoulders, body, hands,
Changed to a bird, I'll visit other lands,
 My merry warblings with their songs to mix.

Swifter than Icarus I'll air pass through,
Or he who from thy Bridge, O Waterloo,
 Intends to fly some windy morn in May* ;
The Bosphorus, and the Getulian waste
I'll seek, to Hyperborean lands I'll haste,
 Delighting all who hear me on my way.

* An exhibition of wings was lately advertised, with which the Proprietor proposed to fly from Waterloo-Bridge, in the month of May, when the wind should serve.



W. H. Stouck

TAKING FLIGHT



Those who sham scorn for Aldermanic lays,
Critics of Cockney song, shall give me praise,
 Me, daily, weekly, monthly scribes shall know,
Drinkers of tea shall own my deathless fame,
And those for me vain funeral rites disclaim,
 Who stimulate their genius with a *Go*.

XXXIII.

“ Like Horace (very like !) I thus beguiled
 Myself, while dashed the surge against the shore,
And fierce the tempest raged sublimely wild,
 And foaming wave on wave impetuous bore.
I marked afar the sea-bird’s rapid flight,
And lightning’s glare appalled my startled sight.

XXXIV.

“ Now, with the hurricane my soul was tossed,
 When lo ! ’tis melancholy as ’tis true,
My hat and wig were in a moment lost,
 Borne by the winds feloniously from view ;
Whilst their hoarse roar, which now began to scare,
Told that my head, like Neptune’s, might go bare.

XXXV.

“ My silk umbrella, with my wig and hat,
Strove to *take flight*. I scarcely could restrain
The struggler, till at last I squeezed it flat,
And put it down, regardless of the rain.
This cooled me—Now, confessed Time’s healing balm,
I’m for a poet comfortably calm.”

XXXVI.

Feasted by Wiggins, Tom, he knew not why,
Felt very seldom in the mood to write,
Still muttering to himself—“ Pshaw, put it by,
Why should you make yourself a slave to-night?
With early morn rise—you ’ll be fitter then.”
And so he went to bed, and slept till ten.

XXXVII.

But he reflected welcomes will wear out,
And, notwithstanding the polite assertions
Of joy to see him, he, beyond all doubt,
Had rather flourished by his own exertions:
So he resolved to cudgel hard his brain,
And, as a poet, try his fate again.

XXXVIII.

'Twas difficult to hit upon a plan
That with complacency he could regard,
All that could gratify the ear of man,
And give or fame or fortune to the bard,
Had been exhausted in the favoured strains
Of those who shone the boast of other reigns.

XXXIX.

“ Poets of other times ! to swell your lay
What treasures burst on your delighted view !
Yours the bright landscape—yours the opening day,
And yours the copy-right of all the dew—
Yours the fierce monsters of the cheerless plain,
And all the flowerets of soft Flora's train.

XL.

“ Yours, too, the glorious sun, the moon, and stars,
Yours all the briny ocean comprehends ;
While famines, earthquakes, desolating wars,
Grace the bold song, and each a splendour lends,
Which never can descend on modern verse,
Though we such scenes eternally rehearse.

XLI.

“ Shakspeare and Milton! brothers Bill and Jack!
Of common sensibility bereft,
You must have been, or something in your track,
More than you spared for others had been left;
Between you meanly—I suspect in spite,
Were written all the things that I would write.

XLII.

“ This, I consider an advantage base,
To take of early birth ;—that play-house fellow,
I fain would tell distinctly to his face,
He choused me out of *Hamlet* and *Othello*.
The harvest he, and some few more so clean
Got in, that followers could but little glean.

XLIII.

“ And from that little others who succeeded,
Others rapacious e’en almost as they,
Took nearly all that had been passed unheeded,
Varlets called Dryden, Goldsmith, Collins, Gray,
The projects of the last but one were rash ones,
He claimed monopoly of all the *Passions*.





Reading at a stop.

TAKING THOUGHT

London: Published by John Warren, at Bond Street, and J. & J. W. at the "Penny Press."

XLIV.

“ But this monopoly I won’t respect ;

I do not mean the passions to engage
In squabbles about music ; but unchecked

By him, I’ll sing their struggle for the stage ;
And tell how One, set all their rage at naught,
But how ? On that ’tis fitting I take *thought*.”

XLV.

Thus Tom. Now musing on his favourite theme,

He sat him down, his porridge quite forgot ;
(At home he fared but humbly it should seem),

He nothing cared about its keeping hot ;
But keen regrets about his situation,
Broke in on his sublimest contemplation.

XLVI.

A something near his brain while Fate accusing,

In meditation thus absorbed he sat,
Seemed fluttering, so he started from his musing,

And very naturally called “ What’s that ? ”
A stranger there was on a visit caught ;
It was, at least he thought it was—a *Thought*.

XLVII.

“ And what’s your business in my story upper ?”

Moved by strong curiosity, he said,

“ Are you the offspring of my last night’s supper ?

Or any thing on which I lately fed ?

Did wine admission to my head bestow,

Or did you there a vegetable grow ?”

XLVIII.

Thought answered, “ Truly you’re a pretty fellow !

Your ignorance almost exceeds belief ;

Think you I ’m bred where topers idly bellow,

Or that my sire is mutton, or is beef ;

For such a compliment I’m bound to thank,

You might, methinks, at least have known my rank.

XLIX.

“ But, Sir, ’tis not the dinners you have swallowed,

Nor yet the suppers in which you indulge ;

Nor all the dissipation you have followed,

That can the origin of *Thought* divulge :

And think me not so very humbly bred,

As to be called a native of your head.

L.

“ Know, Sir, that I, when Eve and sober Adam
First formed their house, (or garden,) keeping plan,
Was sent from Heaven to Paradise to glad 'em,
The first grand present to the new-made man.
I might in part contribute to enthrall,
But 'twas not I alone that caused his fall.

LI.

“ With me some hundred other Thoughts were sent,
Some gay, some sad, some angry, and some kind ;
Such sets within a human forehead pent,
Are in a bundle tied, to form a mind ;
These, when their wearers die obtain release,
Like soldiers paid off at a general peace.

LII.

“ Then reckless vagabonds about me stroll,
Now here, now there, by chance or fortune led,
Till circumstances we may not control,
Afford the shelter of another head ;
Which thinking us its slaves is quite at ease,
While we like tyrants rule it as we please.

LIII.

“ Thus I, in many skulls have found a home,
Now claiming all the world’s applause ; and then,
By death again dislodged, compelled to roam,
And owners find in very different men.
Now for some Hero’s dauntless valour famed,
Now by some midnight robber’s darings shamed.

LIV.

“ I’ve often laughed with unaffected glee,
To mark the curiosity men felt,
The likeness of that face and form to see,
With which from choice or accident I dwelt.
While that which sat not to the painter,—I
Alone it was moved curiosity.

LV.

“ Wishing to see some warrior, sultan, saint,
Would you not mock the artist so inept,
Who on that wish applied himself to paint
The palace, mosque, or cell, in which they slept ?
Th’ attempt to picture those renown who gain,
Is hardly less ridiculously vain.

LVI.

“ The pencilled form you to the canvass give,
Is not the real object in request,
What generous admiration would make live,
Is that which animates the brain or breast ;
Yet to preserve what never can decay,
You paint its temporary cage of clay.

LVII.

“ More of what *Thought* is, I shall not disclose
But further my own story I pursue,
To tell how that which no one could suppose,
Occurred : how thought gained residence with you,
Think it not *empty* pride that in a huff,
At last determined to find room enough.

LVIII.

“ The thoughtless, gay, and giddy butterfly,
Where opening roses negligently droop,
Chased and denied a luxury so high,
Will to the humble radish blossom stoop ;
So I from heads which sense and wit have blessed
Driven, would with you, for some short season rest.

LIX.

“ Or to your low ideas to come down,
I’m like a poet who can pay but ill,
Who tries but vainly in a wealthy town,
To get into th’ apartments he would fill ;
And forced from halls and dining-rooms to fly,
At last obtains a parlour next the sky.

LX.

“ Such is the truth. So pray now be content,
You know how *one Thought* scrambled to your pate
By no means certain he can pay his rent,
But if he don’t your loss will not be great :
Your *Caput* is to let,—so down with pride,
If I go ’twill remain unoccupied.

LXI.

“ Here then awhile I purpose to sojourn ;
But only as a tenant mind at will,
If you to any use know how to turn
A *Thought*, why do it, and your pockets fill.
But call me not, unless you would disgrace,
A native of this very sorry place.”

LXII.

Tom started as from sleep, but to behold

What might with some small reason move his wrath,
His cat had saved his meal from getting cold,

And while he mused, had swallowed all his broth ;
And Takeall mourned relentless Fate could stoop,
To rob a hungry poet of his soup.

END OF CANTO THE FIFTH.

TAKINGS.

CANTO VI.

TAKINGS.

CANTO VI.

I.

TAKEALL in earnest laboured with his quill,
A poem wrote, supplying then correction,
Soon brought it to conclusion, but I will
Not say he ever brought it to perfection.
Having thus far accomplished his great end,
The next thing was to shew it to a friend.

II.

I could forgive the man whose wretched taste,
To jingle for his own amusement chose,
Suspecting who on rhyme his time would waste
Must ever be ridiculous in prose.
But verses written or for sport or need,
'Tis very cruel to a friend to read.

III.

A wealthy gentleman, in rhyme a sinner,
Invites me frequently,—I guess because
He wants to read his poems after dinner ;
And stare me in the face for my applause.
I listen not, but sit in careless mood,
And swallowing wine, at times cry, “ Very good ! ”

IV.

But all practitioners in verse I know,
In this way often have their friends distressed ;
And if our hero wished his work to show,
Having this fault in common with the rest,
Without much reprehension we may pass,
The instinct recognised in all his class.

V.

His old acquaintance Flykite, by the ear
Tom caught, and looked for rapture and surprise ;
But he remarked, “ I would not be severe,
Yet cannot praise unless I tell you lies ;
Some lines are very well, but I must say,
Your talent seems to lead another way.”

VI.

Tom thanked him for his candour, 'but at heart,
Resolved against appealing to him more ;
“ 'Tis time,” thought he, “ we company should part,
I never guessed him such a fool before ;
He knows the writer, so he must despise ;
Unknown the bard, he'd praise him to the skies.”

VII.

The poet went with all convenient haste,
To Mr. Wiggins, who with the two Misses,
And Mrs. Bosky had prodigious taste ;
Opened the case, and finished it with, “ This is
My poem ; will you listen while I read,
And fairly, frankly tell, if I succeed ?”

VIII.

Just then the knocker sounded an approach,
Some one appeared impatient to get shelter,
And while they heard retire a hackney-coach,
Entered a comely couple, helter-skelter.
“ Here ! here has been a pretty job of jobs !”
Cried Mrs. first, and after Mr. Hobbs.

IX.

“ What ! what’s the matter ? ” every body cried,
The lady answered, “ You must know, to-day
We thought of *taking pleasure*, so we hied
To Highgate, with our pretty children’s *shay* ;
Which Mr. Hobbs bought Kitty for a fairing,
To give the little dears a little airing.

X.

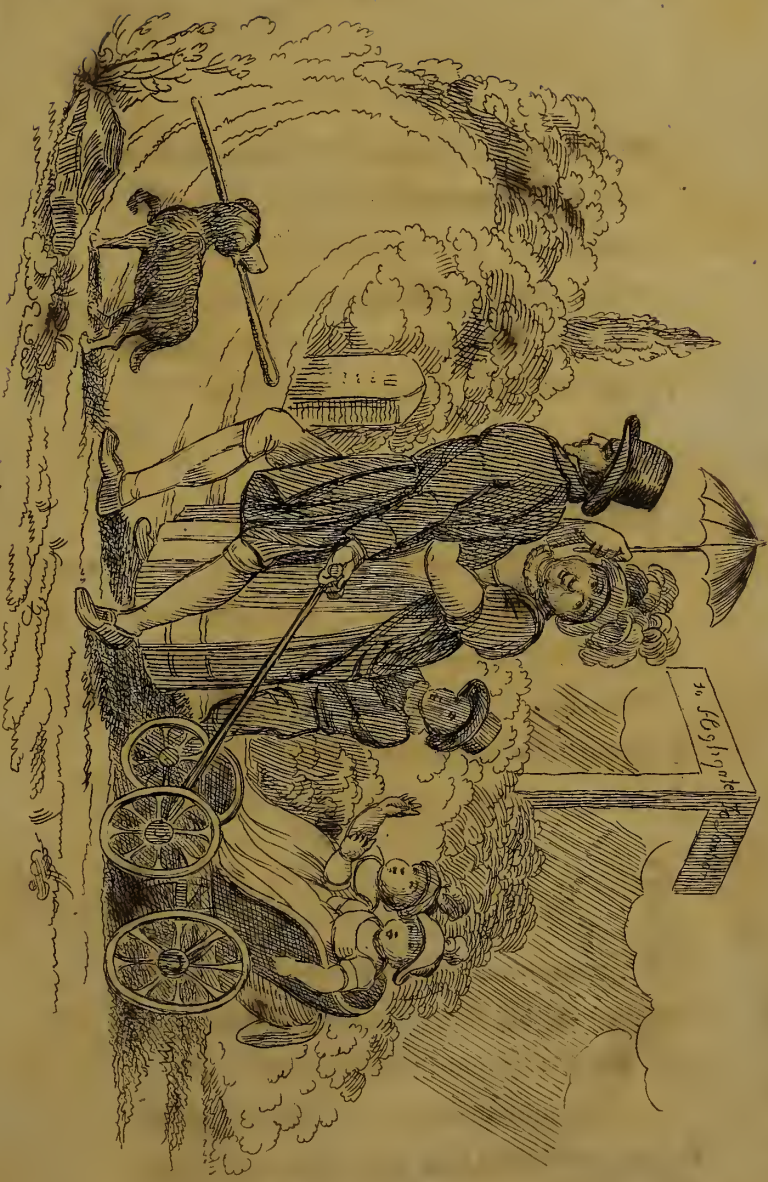
“ And there we drewed ’em in such pleasant places,
They seemed at least a hundred miles from town,
When suddenly full bang in all our faces,
Torrents of rain, in deluges came down.
So Mr. Hobbs’s coat and hat got soil’d,
And my new sarsnet gown completely spoiled.

XI.

“ My parasol used for an *umbereller*,
Saved me but little even beneath a tree,
And while we stood up every saucy *feller*
Seemed quite delighted, our distress to see.
So we was forced to leave behind our *shay*,
And in the Highgate stage to come away.”

TAKING PLEASURE

W. H. & C. 1871



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XII.

“ Yes,” said the husband, “ and poor Pompey’s gone ;
You know how well he carried.—I to jail
Could send the rogue, who, when the storm came on,
Tied a tin kettle to his faithful tail :
He dropped, and I have lost, through this vile trick
My bamboo cane, my Sunday walking-stick.

XIII.

“ ’Twill warn me how I pleasure take again—
Spoiled hat and coat, and half destroyed my wig.”
“ But,” cried the wife, “ we nearly half this pain
Had saved, if you, like others, kept your gig.
Before we goes abroad another day,
I wow, as how I’ll have a vone-horse *shay*.”

XIV.

Then Mr. Wiggins strove to soothe the woes
Of these unfortunates, and in due time,
Because he did not quite succeed in prose,
He very rationally flew to rhyme ;
And told them that his friend, the poet there,
Would read a poem to beguile their care.

XV.

Tom blushed, and felt at first disposed to fib it,

And say the poem was at home ; ashamed
Before so large a party to exhibit.

But let him not for sheepishness be blamed,
When known 'tis—after modestly receding,
He gracefully consented to the reading.

XVI.

But first he told what he before had thought,

How favoured other bards had been by Fate,
That all might feel if nothing new he brought,

The cause was solely being born so late.
And soon as this apology was done,
His story of “ The Contest ” he begun.

The Contest.

The *Passions* and *Feelings*, though settled the strife
Which once served their musical skill to employ,
Did not calmly return to a peaceable life,

When the prize had been fairly awarded to *Joy*.
An object remained in each season and clime,
Of moment sufficient their care to engage,
For *Love*, a gay, rosy-faced boy at that time,
Had taken the lead of them all on the stage.

Low murmurs and scoffings had long passed between
The leaders, like those often heard in our day,
From scowling old stagers, who snarl "What is Kean!
And where is the worth of Macready's display?"
When a general meeting (it matters not where),
Was called by the prominent chiefs of the tribe;
And the speeches then made, and the scene witnessed there,
Be it mine to report, and attempt to describe.

Bursting the hall gate wild *Despair*,
His neighbour *Melancholy* met,
(With folded arms and vacant stare,)
And weeping *Grief*, and pale *Regret*.

Fear, trembled,—sighed,—and then advanced,
Revenge stalked there with sullen pomp,
While *Hope*, with last night's dream entranced,
Danced in, a giddy playful romp.

Pity, with open hand drew near ;
Her sister *Sorrow* led her in ;
Avarice bestowed on them a sneer,
And *Malice* a ferocious grin.

Mirth passed with unembarrassed air,
His loved playfellow—*Hope*, he found,
While *Jealousy*, who sought *Despair*,
At every step he took turned round.

He moved the question on the modern plan,
And *He* the important grave debate began.
“ Who,” he cried, “ and what, is *Love* ;
That he should thus be placed above

The mightier passions who control,
Rend and agitate the soul?"

Here he started—he suspected

Malice meant to interrupt,

And his words grew more abrupt,

Less impressive, less connected.

"*Love*!—Shall he still proudly claim
Of the Drama all the fame?

Why is *Jealousy* forgot—

Shall this be, or shall it not."—

By want of breath compelled to pause,
Envy, with transport saw the cause,
Refused one moment more to wait,
And *Malice* followed in debate ;
And both contended, on the stage
Love was but fitted for a page,
To wait behind the fiercer throes,
By them produced from human woes ;
Even from the infancy of *Time*,
When *Cain* they goaded on to crime.

With sullen scowl,—stern air and horrid gasp,
While either hand a dagger seemed to clasp,

Revenge, stood forth. And why, the monster cried,
“ Is my pre-eminence o’erlooked, denied?
Who to the drama gives a tone so well
As I, the favourite eldest born of Hell?
Love !—What can *Love* to move mankind impart,
If I attend not to o’erwhelm the heart?
I can with artful schemes the wretch surprise,
And wear, to blast my victim, each disguise.
History can vouch, and all mankind agree,
The bloodiest scenes originate in me.
The assassin’s signal and the bugle’s sound,
Where frantic strife spreads desolation round,
In me their common origin have found.
Who like *Revenge* then, I would fain inquire,
Can terror, wonder, wild alarm inspire ?”

Despair advanced, but on his devious track,
Came *Melancholy* close, and held him back;
Forward he rushed, and all restraint disdained;
Then sobbing paused, and was again restrained.
Hope saw, surmised the struggle would be long,
And seized that moment to begin her song.

“ Away, away, ye gloomy train,
The human heart that fill ;
Let Hope, fresh from the joyous plain,
Awake to rapture’s thrill.
Triumphant *Hope* cheers all below,
Exalts the soul on high,
And shines to man assailed by woe,
The rainbow of his sky.

“ ’Tis *Hope* instructs the maid to charm,
With smiles unknown to art ;
Hope nerves the dauntless warrior’s arm,
And warms the lover’s heart.
’Tis *Hope* alone makes man content,
While destined here to stay,
By Nature’s God directly sent
To gild his little day.

“ And closing, when old age’s night,
Life’s winter—grief would bring,
Hope comes to cheer him with the sight
Of everlasting spring.

Since *Hope* consoles when all has failed,
Gives joy, peace, resignation birth,
O ! then, let *Hope* be ever hailed
Pre-eminent on earth."

Despair, now spoke in wild discordant tone,
" 'Tis I alone—
I, who best teach the wretch to rage,
Who ought to rule the stage.
My pause—my groan—my start—
Assailing take by storm the heart.
Has not a crimson flood,
In every land where I have strode,
Distinguished my abode,
From wretches urged by me to shed their blood?
Can *Love*—audacious *Love*, then mean
To make me second on the tragic scene?"

Attention *Melancholy* claimed and caught :
Much of *Despair's* oration owned was true,
But added, all the truth confessed, he thought
Himself the mightier monarch of the two.

In maddening throbs *Despair* would most excel,
But these would yield the stage a feeble theme,
Contrasted with the gloom of his lone cell,
His weeping willow, and his murmuring stream.

Mirth, laughing at *Despair* as folly,
Mocking the gait of solemn *Melancholy*,
Now rose, his stately neighbours to beseech
That he might have the privilege of speech.
The boon accorded him, with brief delay,
He laughing thus poured forth his careless lay.

“ That Love should, forsooth! claim the Drama to rule,
Is wrong—in a boy only now fit for school !

I needs must acknowledge quite true ;
And if of debate it offend not the laws,
I’ll candidly tell you I think so because
He is too much connected with you.

“ ’Tis *Mirth* of existence should fill the short space,
And, of course, should enjoy on the stage the first place.

Love ought to be banished with *Care* ;
For he to *Revenge* is much given to stray,
Old *Jealousy* often is found in his way,
With *Malice*, *Regret*, and *Despair*.

“ For this, though I rank not among his worst foes,
I think it expedient we *Love* should depose:

Let *Mirth* in his stead reign—let Fun,
Let Frolic and Jest, wake to transport the lands,
Let bursts of loud laughter resound on all hands,
Till laughter and life are but one.”

Anger, Avarice, and Regret,
For ascendancy now call;
Love, who had not spoken yet,
Fearlessly replied to all.

“ Must *Love* descend to vindicate
His privilege to yield delight?
Must *Love* submit to rude debate,
That empire his inherent right?
Grovellers!—Ye all shall own his sway:
Bound by eternal Nature’s chain,
Storm, and repine, and rave ye may,
Ye storm, repine, and rave in vain.

“ *Love*, although soon his course be done,
Must every human bosom fill;
And dear ’till life’s last sand has run
The fondly recollected thrill.

Mirth, Hope, and Pity, I am sad
Your vain hostility to see ;
Forsaking *Love* you must be mad ;
You know you emanate from me.

“ Ye angry passions on the stage,
A brief volcanic glare may show,
But nor your frenzy, nor your rage,
Could breathe my vivifying glow.
And ye who *Love* would now exile ;
I do not boast, but I confess,
(A blush it mingles with my smile),
Owe me th’ importance you possess.

“ The sun, which in the temp’rate zone
With fragrant flowers adorns each stem,
Gives beauty charms before unknown,
And lustre to the buried gem,
In torrid climes with man at strife,
Pouring its fires on viler clay,
Can quicken venom into life,
To grovel in the sultry ray.

“ So *Love's* exhilarating fires,
That virtue to perfection bring,
Provoke, encountering low desires,
The scorpion's bite, the adder's sting,
And following close *Love's* blythe career ;
 Revenge and *Jealousy* are seen,
While *Melancholy* hovers near,
And grim *Despair*, with frantic mien.

“ And this suggested, that the stage,
 Love ought to claim as his domain ;
The boasters who so idly rage,
 'Twas known must follow in his train.
Let this annihilate your pride !
 Aspire not by yourselves to shine,
But know, though I disdain to chide,
 How mean your rank compared with mine !

“ Your noblest triumphs were beneath
 Regard, if I could be put by,
And valueless the victor's wreath,
 If *Love* the conqueror should deny.
Away ! contempt on those be hurled,
 Who from the drama *Love* would sever,
The lord of all the real world,
 Shall rule the mimic one for ever.”

XVII.

The reading finished, Tom of course attempted,
To seem as if he had no thought of praise ;
And felt from all anxiety exempted,
About the fame and fortune of his lays.
Now he looked down, scarce seeming to respire,
And now he fixed his eyes upon the fire.

XVIII.

But Mr. Wiggins, who began to nod
Just in the middle, here pronounced it fine ;
And Mrs. Bosky thought the idea odd,
But felt quite certain that the bard would shine.
And Mrs. Hobbs was sure 'twould please John Bull,
And, for her own part, thought it beautiful !

XIX.

And Mr. Bosky, who was seated there,
And Mr. Hobbs, next to him, were content
To follow up their spouses' praise, and swear
That they regarded it as excellent !
(In decency they could not well do less ;)
So Tom exulted in his great success.

XX.

And yet all these opinions I suspect,

Takeall, had they been lavished on another,
Would not have hesitated to reject

As worthless, and contempt unskilled to smother,
Have dropped a sneer,—a sort of *Burchell* “fudge,”
With “who the deuce enabled these to judge?”

XXI.

But praise is such a very pleasing thing,

That steel themselves against it authors can't,
They welcome all who approbation bring,

However stupid, mean, or ignorant.
Tom with the plaudits charmed that paid his song,
Retired as happy as the day was long.

XXII.

Kind Mrs. Bosky owned, when he had fled,

She thought he painted better than he wrote ;
And Mr. Wiggins for his own part said,

“Tom ne'er wou'd be a poet of much note.”
One said, “'twas wild,” and Mr. Hobbs's wife,
Found in it “little knowledge of high life.”

XXIII.

One called the characters “ quite common-place,”
“ No plot, no incident,” another cries ;
Each sported some fine phrase, with solemn face,
Picked up in circulating libraries ;
Which, though not understood, the crowd at will,
Can utter with an air of wondrous skill.

XXIV.

Then at the author rose a general laugh,
That he so arrogantly should believe
The panegyrics they pronounced, or half
Their hypocritical applause receive ;
And shame the excusing exclamation brought,
“ You know we could not tell him what we thought !”

XXV.

Tom, filled with exultation, at the praise
So kindly given, supposed his sorrows o'er ;
And looking forward to more prosperous days,
Hoped all embarrassment would be no more :
Certain, almost, his poem could not fail,
He fearless went to offer it for sale.

XXVI.

But no Bookseller was disposed to pay,
What he required, or half of the amount ;
And so determined not to throw away
His work, he published on his own account ;
And had in time the joy of being told,
Some five-and-twenty copies had been sold.

XXVII.

Ruin, dire, hopeless ruin, on his track
Now pressed ; the grinding woes of want appal,
And snatch almost the coat from off his back ;
For law's accomplished harpies *take his all*.
The poor Collegian dragged from his retreat,
Behold a friendless prisoner in the Fleet.

XXVIII.

There in a wretched third-floor room immured,
Of which three fellow captives claimed a share ;
Tom, never having such distress endured,
Abandoned hope, and yielded to despair :
Sometimes he dashed himself upon the floor,
And wished it might be his to rise no more.



R. Dingley del. et sculp.

TAKING ALL

Printed by J. W. B. Whittaker, at the Old Bell, Street, and J. W. B. Whittaker, at the Old Bell, Street.



XXIX.

And thus one morning in the little nook
In which he might dispose his wasting form
He lay ; when suddenly his hand one took,
And roused the Captive by its pressure warm.
Tom started, at the incident surprised,
And Flykite's countenance he recognised.

XXX.

“ ‘ Rats die in holes and corners,’ you must not,”
He cried, “ Come, Tom, I bring you glorious news,
The Widow Vernal, if you have not got,
To-morrow you may marry if you choose.
Her wealth will make your baffled foes look pale,
And you may walk this morning out of jail.”

XXXI.

“ For all my foes I need not care a rush,
Or pale or not, but could I act the part
You recommend, I fear my friends would blush,
And think me dead to honour at my heart.
To wed her love professing, were deceit,
An infamous—unpardonable cheat.”

XXXII.

“ Why what a Johnny !” Flykite cried, “ you ’re mad!
Hundreds the same have done as well as you.”
“ No matter—than commit an act so bad,
I ’d rather starve, as here I ’m like to do.
Tho’ my misconduct brought me here no doubt,
A crime so flagrant shall not get me out.”

XXXIII.

Flykite retired, astonished, half-offended,
And Tom again was thinking of the floor,
When suddenly his musings were suspended,
By hearing some one thunder at the door.
A person entered, bowing, spruce and gay,
And bade him very civilly,—“ Good day.”

XXXIV.

“ I beg your pardon,” he began, but I
Thinking it pity you should be confined,
Have called, Sir, merely with a view to buy,
Your pen, your talents, and ingenious mind,
If—you would something warm and luscious write :
Morality is now old-fashioned quite.

XXXV.

“ A something for the rising generation,
A something pretty rather out of rule,”—
“ I know not,” Tom replied, “ what expectation
You have, that I would be a pander’s tool.
’Tis needless more your errand to proclaim,
Begone, Sir, while you may, the way you came.”

XXXVI.

Scarce had he made his exit, when another
Offered to succour Takeall in his need ;
Provided foolish scruples he would smother,
And lend his talents to an atheist’s creed.
With him a partner came, to make condition
That Tom should blend with blasphemy sedition.

XXXVII.

Astonished, on the applicants he gazed :
That in one hour, so many should assail,
Disgusted him not more than it amazed.
“ Surely,” he cried, “ my senses do not fail,
Do I imagine tales no creatures tell !
Or come so many tempting fiends from hell !”

XXXVIII.

But when another, who to these succeeded,
Proposed a libel on the King to try,
He seized his throat, and “ why, Sir, was it needed
To make me thus the but of infamy ?
Who told you here a miscreant you might see ?
Think you none capable of crime but me ? ”

XXXIX.

And while he spoke, he shook the stranger hard,
And grasped so tight, that pending his expulsion,
The latter felt some terror, lest the bard
Should rashly hasten on his last convulsion.
And so for aid he bellowed like a Stentor.
That moment Tom beheld his father enter.

XL.

Tom loosed his hold—was mute and stood abashed—
A burning tear stole trickling down his face,
When hope and transport sudden on him flashed,
Clasped in a long-lost parent’s fond embrace..
“ Spendthrift and rake,” he cried, “ the world may call,
But you are dear to me, Tom, after all.

XLI.

“ Your looks bespeak repentance, born of woe,
Your own reproaches will for me suffice,
But all your misery confess you owe
To foolishly neglecting my *advice*.
Tom (now no prisoner,) smiling bowed assent,”
Then home with his exulting father went.

XLII.

“ O! my kind sire! no language can impart,
No words that I may on your ear intrude,
Can picture the emotions of my heart,
Or faintly indicate my gratitude;
For bounties so unlooked for, heaped on one,
No longer worthy to be called your son.”

XLIII.

“ Peace, Prodigal,” the father said, “ these thanks
Are not for me ;—boy! wonder and attend—
I never had forgiven your graceless pranks,
But for a generous interceding friend.
Who spite of all your follies and disgrace,
Would not allow me to suppose you base.

XLIV.

“ There bear your transports ; there forgiveness ask ;”

Tom turned and wondering saw Eliza there ;
His tongue could not perform the grateful task

Enjoined, while trembling he approached the fair,
Who burst resplendent on his dazzled sight,
A radiant vision of celestial light.

XLV.

“ Am I not wild delusion’s cheated slave !”

At length he cried. “ Can bliss without alloy
Be mine—snatched from the darkness of the grave,

To know a paradise of heavenly joy ?”
Eliza smiled, but nothing could express,
But tears and blushes speak her happiness.

XLVI.

The sire resumed.—“ This charmer, poor no more,

Avowed the generous passion of her breast ;
Resolved her wayward lover to restore,

She made me put your feelings to the test.
From me your tempters came, who served to prove,
You have some title to a father’s love.

XLVII.

“ And had I not been active to oppose,
Eliza for your liberty had paid.
Your earnest advocate with friends and foes,
This matchless being—this deserted maid,
In poverty eluded you by stealth—
Has never ceased to follow you in wealth.”

XLVIII.

’Twere waste of time to labour to describe,
The gay emotions Tom experienced then,
The greatest of the versifying tribe,
To paint them holds an inefficient pen,
And so the filling up, I needs must leave,
To those who love’s best raptures can conceive.

XLIX.

What followed, I surmise full many a wight,
Whose friends suspect not he will fire the Thames,
Can guess at—ay, and probably guess right,
Tho’ he no credit as a conjurer claims ;
That is, the lovers met no new miscarriage,
And soon their parents made them one in marriage.

L.

A thrilling moment of unmingled bliss,
The happy college youth awaited soon,
When with Eliza, now no more a Miss,
He took his leave, to spend the honey-moon.
This point arrived at, prudent poets stop ;
And dramatists at once the curtain drop.

LI.

To own the truth, in doing so they 're right ;
They should be vigilant to close the scene,
So many "happy couples" snarl and fight,
The opposites of all that they have been,
When once united in soft wedlock's tie ;
'Tis well such probabilities to fly.

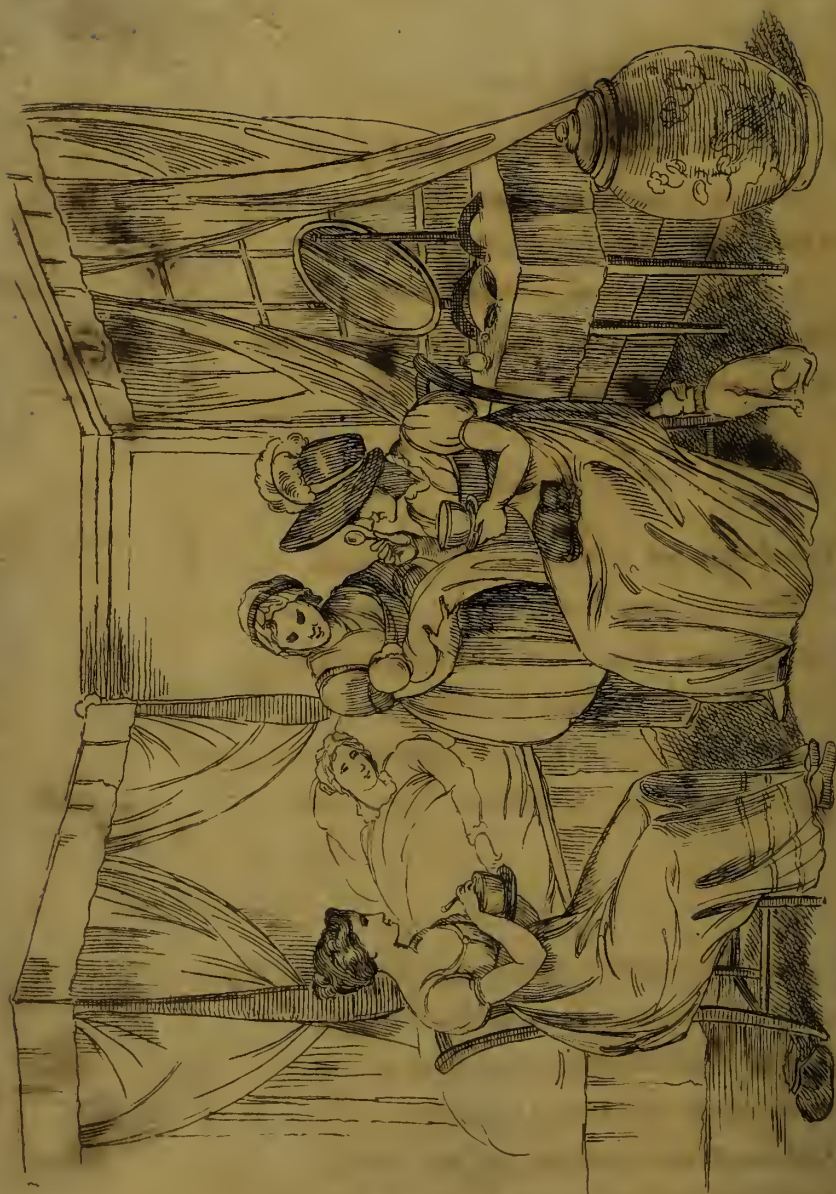
LII.

But I, heroically, further dare ;
Nor leave Tom but in marriage a beginner,
To send my readers off with scanty fare,
As others do before the wedding-dinner.
I take them thro' the month of smiles and laughter,
And more tell what occurred some nine months after.

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TAKING CAUDLE

LIII.

'Twas then Eliza, now though Mrs. T.

We ought to call her, gave her lord an heir,
And all her female friends, the babe to see

And praise its beauty, failed not to repair ;
But half what they to utter there thought meet,
While *taking caudle*, I must not repeat.

LIV.

This I may tell, without incurring blame,

They one and all said, “ Laid upon the shelf,
I'm sure, my dear, 'twould be a crying shame

If you neglected now to nurse yourself :
Though you could run a race, for Heaven's sake swear
You could not for the world go down a stair.

LV.

“ Keep your apartment four good weeks, my dear :

Men about *Magna Charta* make a fuss,
Prating about its worth from year to year,

But more important is this rule to us.
And therefore if restored, be sure don't tell
Your husband that you're any thing like well.”

LVI.

She followed this good counsel, Tom, though glad
When came the regular restoring day,
Repined not at the long retirement had,
Rejoiced to see her happy her own way ;
Considering her's the right to form her plan,
And woman's rights the dearest care of man.

FINIS.

651

